

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,308.—VOL. LI.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00]



MARYLAND.—“IN DE MORNIN’ BY DE BRIGHT LIGHT”—NEGRO OYSTERMEN OF ANNAPOLIS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FISHING-GROUND IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 122.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatees under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

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L. W. ENGLAND, Assignee.

THE DEMOCRATIC HANDICAP.

IT is the misfortune as well as the fortune of the Democratic Party that it has a long history, and that the recent pages of this history contain little more than a record of blunders. Confining our review of its record to the annals of the last twenty years (as it seems to be just in instituting a comparison between it and the Republican Party), we shall find that even as an Opposition party it has failed, on nearly every occasion, to take hold of things by the right handle. And so it comes to pass that its name and fame during this period of "storm and pressure" have been chiefly identified with dead issues and lost causes.

Among these dead issues and lost causes Slavery and the Rebellion stand pre-eminent, and the main responsibility for each still hangs like a millstone around the neck of the Democracy, from the fact that so large a part of its following is found to-day within the limits of the late slave-holding and insurgent States. Whatever may be the strength and validity of the causes which have conspired to produce a "Solid South" and to array this section on the side of the Democratic Party, it remains none the less clear that the abnormal fact of such a coalescence of political opinion at the South is well suited to excite suspicions and to invite attacks, even if there be no sufficient grounds for the suspicions and no justice in the attacks. It is impossible to effect a divorce between the sentiments of a people and their politics. The resentments left by the war have for long years been a source of strength to the Republicans and a source of weakness to the Democrats. The nomination of General Hancock is a frank admission of the fact; for, unless we gravely misinterpret the political strategy which inspired it, it was a nomination purposely made to weaken the Republicans at the point where they were seen to be strongest, and to strengthen the Democrats at a point where they knew themselves to be weakest. Regarded from these points alone, it might perhaps be an open question whether in the present canvass it is the Democratic Party which is supporting General Hancock or General Hancock who is supporting the Democratic Party.

And this inversion of relations between the party and its leader naturally calls us to consider another stone of stumbling and rock of offense in the Democratic pathway. While the nomination of General Hancock by the Democrats of the North and of the South seems to us to do a full, frank and open homage to the loyal sentiment of the country, and while it seems to us a marvel of political obtuseness as well as of political injustice that the Republican leaders should resolutely shut their eyes to the fact and profess not to see it—thereby setting a stone of stumbling and rock of offense for themselves—it still remains none the less proper to say that General Hancock's want of civil experience is an objection to his candidature, especially in a time like the present, which calls for administrative skill and business capacity of the highest kind. Some compensation for this want may be found, it is true, in his freedom from the entanglements of a long political career, and in the fact that the highest duties of a Chief Magistrate are so clearly defined by the Constitution and the laws that they serve to make a plain and safe path for him if he cannot make a brilliant one for himself.

After the pacification of the country, it seems to us that the greatest need of the present time is a settlement of the currency on a sound and stable basis. The resumption of specie payments in which the country exults is uncertain and insecure so long as the depreciated silver dollar and the uncanceled greenback lurk like Guy Fawkes beneath the fabric of the nation's credit. Neither party seems equal to the demands of the crisis. But after making due allowance for Republican shortcomings, and after awarding due pre-eminence to that intrepid band of Northern and Eastern Democrats who have never bowed the knee to the Greenback Baal, it must still be conceded that the Democracy of the South and West have fallen into a well-nigh

hopeless declension from the standards of a true faith under this head. This defection is the heaviest weight which the party has to carry in the pivotal States of New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. In the medley of its opinions on the subject of the currency, and in the confusion of its entangling alliances, there is some danger that the party may be enough for hard money to keep the Greenbackers from its support, and enough for soft money to drive the "solid men" of business from its ranks.

The historical attitude of the Democratic Party in the matter of the public patronage is another obstacle to its success in the approaching Presidential election. The managers of the Republican canvass are not entitled, it is true, to bring a railing accusation against the Democrats on this score, for they are making daily requisitions on the offices of the country, as if these offices were "spoils of war" by right of lawful conquest in a former campaign. But reformers of the civil service have learned to look with special distrust on the Democratic Party as the author of the "spoils system" in our politics, and until the party purges itself of this "bad eminence," it must expect to pay the penalty of its evil repute. The agitation for a genuine civil service reform makes but small headway in the Republican Party. In the Democratic Party it has not even begun.

In opposing any and all legislation which has for its object to supervise the election of members of the House of Representatives, the Democratic Party, through its leaders in the past and the present Congress, has assumed a position which exposes it to assault. The laws as they stand are a just ground of reproach to the Republican Party, but it also is a ground of reproach to the Democratic Party that it should have sought their abolition rather than their amendment, and should have sought an extreme redress by the threat of revolutionary proceedings. The whole people are interested in the integrity of the Federal elections at every point, and the Democratic Party, in view of the aspersions so freely cast on the purity of the ballot-box and the freedom of elections in the Southern States, can least of all afford to shrink from the lawful scrutiny which is provided by the Constitution under this head.

Like the Republicans, the Democrats, too, have their spurious clamors and panics, which impose as little on the intelligent public as on their authors. The affected dread of "troops at the polls" is not a whit more respectable than the bugaboos with which the Republicans insult the intelligence of the people. The spectre of "Imperialism" and of the "Man on Horseback" was laid in the grave of the "Third Term" dug at Chicago, and the attempts of the Democrats to conjure with it are as idle as Republican attempts to conjure with the vanished ghosts of the "Rebel Claims."

It appears, then, from this review, combined with the review previously made of the Republican situation, that neither of the two parties, as we conceive, has risen to the full height of its mission. Neither is so good that the success of either offers much of high promise, and neither is so bad that the success of either threatens much of deep calamity. If the people shall decide, with some misgivings, to retain the Republicans in office, it will not be so much from satisfaction with their rule as from a lurking fear that the Democrats have not sufficiently trained themselves, in the opposition, for a wiser and purer administration of the Government. If they shall resolve, with some misgivings, on a change of administration, it will not be so much from impatience of Republican rule under President Hayes as from impatience of the political artifices and disgust at the sectional antipathies by which the Republican managers have sought to perpetuate their power, and by which they have roused a popular fear that they may control the administration of General Garfield as they have controlled the canvass in his name.

THE LOW RATES FOR MONEY.

ONE of the most gratifying, and at the same time one of the most interesting, features of the financial situation continues to be the cheapness of money. The rates for call-loans remain at two to three per cent. The drain of money to the interior for the purpose of moving the crops is large, but not so large as last year, because the West and South are richer now than then. Last year immense amounts were shipped to both sections and never returned, being absorbed by the industries there. Of course the rates for money here depend largely on the demand for remittances from the West and South to move the crops. It is an interesting fact that, notwithstanding specie imports of no less than \$24,000,000 at this port since August 1st, the bank reserves have been reduced \$4,500,000, and the specie balance in the Treasury shows a falling off of more than \$10,000,000; and it is likewise true that the loss in legal-tenders within the last two months has been \$7,500,000. Still, there is even now

an abundance of money, and though the loans of the banks show a large expansion, their reserve is larger by \$18,000,000 than at this time last year.

One explanation of the present low rates for money, after making allowance for the increased wealth of the West and South compared with last year, is the fact that very little speculation is going on at this time. Last year there were large speculations in breadstuffs, iron and other merchandise; now speculation is the exception rather than the rule. In fact, the only notable speculation in merchandise just now is in pork, and that interests only a comparatively few individuals. The trade of the country is proceeding quietly, undisturbed by the harassing influences of speculation. It is true that our exports of breadstuffs are not as large as they should be, but the blame for this rests solely with the farmers who are holding their grain for higher prices than the situation warrants. The exports of other merchandise, however, show a gratifying volume; and the total of all kinds—including breadstuffs—from January 1st to September 1st, was \$550,887,000 against \$451,800,000 last year, an increase this year of close to \$100,000,000, with three active months yet before us, during which time it is hoped that the balance of trade in our favor—which is not so large as at this time last year—may be increased. Less money is called for to speculate in stocks, for the reason that most shares have risen to such a high point that there is less room for speculative ventures than formerly; though it may be added that a net increase of nearly \$25,000,000 in their earnings in seven months and the prospect of a further large increase, owing to our abundant crops and the activity in general manufactures, have added materially to the value of railroad property.

Another reason for the present cheapness of money is that throughout the commercial world there is a larger amount of funds awaiting profitable investment than has been known for many years. As an illustration of this, capitalists point to the facts that our four per cent. bonds are bringing 109, thus showing that in order to secure a safe investment many investors are willing to lose the interest for two years; that many first-class railroad shares pay only 3*1/2* to 4*1/2* per cent. net; that English consols and railway shares—favorite investments—pay even less; and that the French bonds pay the investor very little and yet are readily taken. Intelligent observers, moreover, remind us that the amount of interest-paying securities placed on the market of late years has shown a decided decrease, as well as the undoubted fact that the Government has reduced its debt during the last seven years no less than \$225,000,000, and is redeeming its obligations at the rate of \$125,000,000 per annum. Of course the resumption of specie payments in the United States added several hundred millions to the world's supply of money by making the legal tenders and the national bank issues equal to gold.

To sum up, it may be briefly stated that the outlook for the commercial interests of the country is more promising than at any time for many years. The people have been frugal since the panic, and large harvests have added their blessings. That the people are more economical than formerly is seen in the fact that the savings banks' deposits are increasing largely. In this State the deposits show an increase of over \$20,000,000, and the number of depositors is larger than in 1879 by 54,000. Our exports exceed our imports, even if the balance in our favor is not so large as last year. The crops everywhere are abundant. We are prosperous now, and, what is more, the future holds out promises of even greater prosperity. And there are not a few who predict that the time is not far distant when the United States will be entirely independent of European capital. To-day the amount of American gold coin in the country is over \$200,000,000, or considerably more than at any former period.

CONSCIENCE IN POLITICS.

TO say that to cast an honest and intelligent vote should be a sacred duty with every citizen, and that to allow any consideration to determine it other than a desire to promote the well-being of the community is to be guilty of a violation of trust, is but to repeat what every one knows, and a common truism; but it cannot be said, in the face of the general indifference to it in practice, that iteration is unnecessary or uncalled for. If the determining motive is one of self-interest, the guilt is incurred, practically, of taking a bribe or of selling a vote; for the offense consists essentially in sacrificing the public good—it may be in greater or less degree—to interests that are wholly private and selfish, but it differs only in degree from that of the man who should sell his country for a price. There was one such.

If at any time self-seeking demagogues have been placed in power, it is the private citizen who has done it; if unwise laws of

far-reaching deleterious influence have been enacted, it is the private citizens who are responsible for the mischief, in having cast their votes for ignorant or bad men. It is a duty every citizen owes to the Commonwealth—and he is recreant if he neglects it—to inform himself as far as he can as to the character of actual and proposed public policy, but in an especial manner it is his duty to make himself acquainted with the antecedents and dispositions of at least the leading men whom it is proposed to put in positions of public trust; and he should do this so that when he casts his vote, he may do so intelligently and not ignorantly as to questions or men. Everywhere, but especially in this land of universal suffrage, as the people are, such will the Government be. If every citizen voted always wisely and well, then we should have in reality what we have in theory—a true republic. Unfortunately every citizen is not good and wise. It cannot be denied that a very large proportion of those intrusted with citizenship are not only ill-informed, but so far wanting in moral sense that they easily become the instruments of demagogues, with the result that inferior and unprincipled men make their way into office, good men are excluded, and corrupt legislation comes at times to be the rule instead of the exception. The evil is very great. The remedy can come only with those causes that shall bring about the moral and intellectual elevation of the great masses of the people. If these causes are now operating, and it is to be hoped they are, then there may be witnessed, sooner or later, a gradual purification of the popular vote; but if no signs of such improvement can anywhere be discerned, then is there the more reason for the performance of duty by those who are sensible of it. It too frequently happens that the very men who are best able to judge of the wisdom or otherwise of public measures proposed, and to inform themselves of the fitness or unfitness of candidates, are prevented from taking an active part in politics and even from voting, discouraged by the corrupt methods and motives of the so-called politician. It must be acknowledged that these are offensive. Integrity is at a discount with them. Deceit is at a premium. They are not like Esau, willing to give much for little; their characteristics are rather those of Judas, ready at any time to betray their country, not having the opportunity to betray their Lord. The conduct of Judas, however, it is to be regretted, they imitate only in part—their extermination will never be their own work. It must be accomplished, and will be sooner or later, but only when a majority of citizens shall make the casting of an intelligent and honest vote a matter of conscience.

JACQUES OFFENBACH:

THE composer of the maddest, merriest music that can set heads a-wagging, Jacques Offenbach, has gone over to the great majority. He has laid down his score for ever, and the world will never again be on tiptoe with the expectation of some new creation of his melodious genius. The chords are silent, and *Opera Bouffe* has lost its creator.

Jacques Offenbach was a glittering light in the world of music, an *ignis fatuus*, a sort of Will-o'-the-Wisp, who lured the lovers of music onward in the hope of finally grasping something that deserved the name of classical composition; but his fancy yielded nothing but airy dancing strains, and, instead of being enrolled with the great composers of the century, he stands on a pedestal in the outer hall.

Born in 1819, of Hebrew parents, a German by birth, but a Frenchman, like Henri Heine, to the innermost core of his soul, Jacques reached the age of 28 years before the ears of Paris commenced to turn towards the leader of the orchestra of the Théâtre Francais whose handling of both *bâton* and violin was pronounced *très chic*. The first composition that attracted any valuable notice to Offenbach was, his setting of La Fontaine's celebrated "Fables." Being a mad, merry wag, his musical buffooneries became the delight of the inner artistic circles of the glittering capital, and when, in 1864, "La Belle Hélène" was produced, Paris shrieked his fame. In 1865 he took the town by storm at the Bouffes by a series of madcap compositions, and in 1866 "Barbe Bleu" and the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" told the world that *Opera Bouffe* had crowned its king. A number of other compositions followed in due course, with all of which the public is familiar, and yellow gold came pouring into the Offenbachian treasury. The gifted composer has been ill for many months, but, despite the down-drag of physical ailment, in March last he celebrated the one hundredth performance of his one hundredth production—"La Fille du Tambour Major"—by conducting the third act in person at the Hotel Continental, Paris. If Jacques Offenbach made "piles of money," he lost so heavily in operatic and dramatic speculations, notably in the production of Sardou's drama "La Haine," upon the getting up of which fabulous sums were expended, that he died comparatively poor. The copyright of his numerous works must be worth a considerable sum, although his later efforts have not proved financially successful. *On dit* that his dying regret lay in having missed the first performance of his new opera, "Contes d'Hoffman," which he urged M. Carvalho to hasten with all possible dispatch. The "bony finger of destiny" was against Jacques Offen-

bach, and his wish was not to be fulfilled. Who is it that did not like his "jingle"? Who is it that will not have a pleasant memory of the works of the composer who passed away from us on the 5th day of October, aged sixty-one years?

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Eastern Question has entered upon a new phase. The hardy Albanians were untrifled by the appearance of a combined fleet off their shores. The Sultan smoked his hookah with undiminished placidity on the shores of the Bosphorus, and laughed at the attempts of the Great Powers to frighten him into obedience to their will. Meantime, the fleet was moved from harbor to harbor, and no doubt enjoyed a pleasant cruise. Then the admiral in command sent an ultimatum. The Porte replied by asking for a delay of a few days. It was granted; and at the expiration of the term, the Porte coolly answered that the Sultan would yield to the pressure of the Powers, but in so doing made several proposals. The Porte proposed to endeavor to induce the Albanians to cede Dulcigno, to create a new frontier line with Greece, to carry out, as soon as possible, the reforms in Europe, and within three months to introduce the promised reforms in Turkey in Asia, and to invite the Turkish bondholders to send delegates to Constantinople, to whom certain revenues should be ceded as guarantees for the payment of the interest upon the various Government loans. This remarkable document ended by insisting that, in return for all this, the allied Powers should abandon the naval demonstration. These proposals were, of course, treated as impudent by the Great Powers; but there is an evident difference of opinion among them as to future action. France is apparently averse to any active measure of hostility, and seems to wish that the other Powers should do the dangerous work. But even the cession of Dulcigno is not secured by the Sultan's note. He promises to use his influence with the Albanians to give up their town without fighting, and he promises to withdraw his troops; but he adds that he cannot be held responsible for any complications which may arise out of the refusal of the Albanians to comply with the request of the fleet. It is now thought likely that the Great Powers will seize several islands in the Aegean Sea, and thus hold pledges that the Sultan will perform his promises. According to the latest dispatches, Greece is actively at work mobilizing her forces, and 20,000 men of the reserve will be summoned.

The Socialistic movement seems to gain ground daily. The amnesty Communists, like Rochefort, Blanqui and Felix Pyat, were desirous of holding a meeting in Paris to protest against the naval demonstration, but the Government quietly interfered and forbade it. It happened that there was an excellent excuse for doing so, as no meeting can be held in France without permission from the authorities, and the Government took the stand that by licensing such a meeting they would lend themselves to the spread of a belief that there was danger of a war with Turkey. The Socialistic meeting which was recently held at Zurich, in Switzerland, has alarmed all the Governments. The demeanor and menaces of the delegates present were so threatening, and the proposal to hold a Socialistic conference next year, with representatives from all lands, seemed such an open act of defiance, that a feeling of alarm has been general. Count Eulenberg, the Minister of the Interior, at the debates in the Reichstag upon the prolongation of the repressive law, spoke very strongly upon this subject. He pointed out that there were hotbeds of Socialism apart from Berlin, and that a state of siege might be the only remedy there after a while. The Government seems to have laid these remarks to heart, and they have drawn the attention of the Saxon Government and that of the Hamburg States to the necessity of some measures of repression.

The irrepressible Garibaldi has once more been disturbing the peace of Italy. Unfortunately, he is now old and almost in his dotage, nor has he any such noble object in view as the unity and freedom of Italy. His old companions in arms still stick closely to him, and one word from their beloved leader would probably rouse them to take up arms in no matter how trivial or unjust a cause. One of his bravest and well-known followers was Major Canzio, who married Teresita Garibaldi, daughter of the great general. About a year ago a procession in honor of Mazzini took place at Genoa, where Canzio lives, and a tumult ensued necessitating the interference of the police. Among the rioters who were taken prisoners was Canzio, and on trial he was condemned to six months' imprisonment. He appealed from this sentence, and, while his case was still before the courts, he was mixed up in another tumult in Milan. Recently he has been imprisoned in Genoa, in spite of his own and his father-in-law's influence with Signor Cairoli, the Prime Minister, who was formerly a strong Garibaldian. When it was found that the sentence would not be annulled, Garibaldi became very indignant and resigned his seat in the Italian Parliament. His son Menotti did the same, and they left Caprera for Genoa, apparently with the intention of attacking the prison and releasing Major Canzio. But wiser counsels prevailed, and it is now generally given out that Garibaldi had merely visited Genoa for his health. The general paid Canzio a visit in his prison, and assured him that he would not ask the ungrateful Government to release his son-in-law. On his way to and from the prison Garibaldi was loudly cheered, and was followed by a large crowd of people.

The news from Ireland is every day becoming more and more deplorable. Mr. Parnell, who should, by birth and education, be above

inflaming the passions of an ignorant peasantry, is blamed on every side for his unwarrantable conduct. He has on several late occasions openly advised the use of violence, and his influence being great, his advice will probably be followed. As is well-known, Ireland is divided into two almost separate peoples. In the North and East the inhabitants have a large quantity of Scotch blood in their veins, and the prevailing religion is Protestantism. These people are for the most part thriving and contented. In the West and South, on the other hand, the pure Irish race is found. Among them there are no industries, no trades and no desire to do more than to live from day to day. They all want to be land-owners, and think any labor except the cultivation of the soil to be below them. Hence, in a land where the land is very poor—where it is made less fertile by being worn out by unskilled agriculture and by the exhaustion consequent upon small holders who cannot afford to manure—poverty must be a necessary consequence. It is among this latter class of people that the Home Rule and Fenian agitators make their converts. Undoubtedly the Irish have much to complain of, just as any other conquered people find their yoke galling. But much of the old injustice has been removed, and the Irish tenantry are just as well treated at the present day as are their English brethren. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that a movement should be on foot among the Protestants of the North to defend themselves and their co-religionists against the Catholics of the South. One well-known landlord in the North of Ireland recently made a speech, in which he openly said that as long as the State looked after the interests of the people, it was the duty of all good citizens to leave the management of affairs to the State; but if the time should come when the State neglected to protect the interests of the people, the people must look after them. This speech points to a movement among these people to oppose the work of the Home Rulers and Fenians, and the quarrel will probably resolve itself, as such quarrels usually do in Ireland, into a religious war. Meantime the Government, alarmed at all these signs of disturbance, are becoming a little more alert, and troops are being dispatched to Ireland.

According to the latest news from Mexico, General Gonzales has been elected by an overwhelming majority. To any person who is acquainted with Mexican affairs this election is a matter of no surprise. General Gonzales is the friend and the favorite candidate of President Diaz. He is commander-in-chief of the army, which was carefully distributed throughout the country, and he thus held all the civil and military power necessary. Gonzales has been declared elected, but the real election takes place as soon as he attempts to take his seat. Thus a revolution will probably take place, and the strongest will rule the fair land of Montezuma. France and Mexico have resumed their diplomatic relations, which were interrupted since the death of Maximilian. A French Minister has been appointed to Mexico, and Señor Velasco, a Mexican long resident in Paris, will represent his Government there.

CAMPANINI, the famous Italian tenor, is once more with us, fully equipped for the new operatic season. He sang but once during his Summer vacation—for the benefit of a company of comedians, who had fallen into difficulties and appealed to him for aid. The receipts were sufficient to pay all the company's debts, and send them on their way with replenished pockets.

ANOTHER partisan charge has come to grief. General Walker, Superintendent of the Census, has inquired into the alleged frauds committed by census enumerators in South Carolina, and reports that they were groundless. The census of 1870, he says, was undoubtedly defective, and the suspicion that the recent enumeration was fraudulent has grown out of the fact that it exhibits a growth of population which, from the lying figures reported ten years ago, seems to be unnatural and impossible.

ALL doubts as to the result of the vote on the repudiating amendment to the Arkansas Constitution are set at rest by the declaration of the official returns. These show the rejection of the amendment by a majority of nearly 4,000. This is very far short of the Democratic majority in the State, showing that a considerable portion of the party vote must have been cast for the amendment; but it is sufficient for all practical purposes, and places Arkansas distinctly in the list of debt-paying States. The influence of such a result on the prosperity of the State cannot be otherwise than beneficial.

THE commercial convention held at Boston last week declared against "free ships," and adopted a resolution asking a Government bounty on American-built vessels. In this convention it was voted to recommend to the Senate and House of Representatives the passage of an Act to set apart all Custom House dues, including the tonnage tax collected from vessels of all nations, including our own, in all parts of the United States, as a special fund which shall be appropriated exclusively to pay bounty to American ship-owners. This general subject will undoubtedly force its way to the front, and compel consideration at the hands of Congress at no remote day.

THE formation of a syndicate of French and American bankers for the construction of the Panama Canal seems at length to have been definitely accomplished. It is understood that the syndicate will issue a loan of \$80,000,000, but it is not expected that any considerable

part of this amount will be taken in this country. By the terms of the grant of the Columbian Government to the Panama Railroad Company, no canal can be constructed within its territory without the awarding of damages to the railroad company by a board of arbitration; and no railroad can be constructed at all across the isthmus without the unqualified consent of the Panama Railroad Company. As it is necessary to have a railroad before a canal can be built, De Lesseps is said to have concluded to purchase the Panama Road outright, and it is now intimated that the latter company is prepared to deliver its power to the syndicate whenever it shall obtain sufficient money to pay for it. It is yet to be seen whether the expectations of the syndicate will be realized in the actual commencement of the great undertaking. It is quite certain, we think, that it will encounter a good many obstacles outside of the difficulty of raising the capital necessary for its successful prosecution.

BILLS of indictment have been found against thirty-eight citizens of Georgia for armed attacks on revenue officers while in the discharge of their lawful duties. Twenty of these outlaws belonged to a gang which burned the property of a deputy collector and fired upon his family under cover of the night. These violent interferences with Federal officials engaged in attempts to suppress illicit distillation have become entirely too common in some Southern localities, and the law-abiding citizens of that section should see to it that the efforts of the Government to punish the offenders are not permitted to miscarry from any want of local sympathy and co-operation.

THE transactions of the New York Clearing House Association for the year ending on the 1st instant were the largest for any one year since its organization, amounting to \$38,698,667,252. The largest transactions for any one day were made on November 3d of last year, when they amounted to \$202,558,252. The average daily transactions during the last year were \$126,466,232. The largest balance on any one day occurred on November last, when it amounted to \$11,208,025. Of this sum \$8,300,000 was paid in gold coin, weighing about 154 tons. The total amount of gold coin received for the year was \$340,538,000. These figures exhibit very strikingly the immense business transacted by this association.

THE Newfoundland authorities are at length actually investigating the complaints of ill-treatment made by Gloucester fishermen against the Newfoundland fishermen who have so often interfered with their rights in British waters. The testimony of witnesses summoned by the Government fully confirms all the charges of the Americans. It is shown that in one case our fishermen were attacked by the people on shore and furiously pelted with missiles while engaged in fishing for bait, as permitted to do under treaty stipulations. If the Colonial authorities shall now ignore the testimony of their own witnesses, and make no honest effort to put a stop to the lawlessness and violence to which Americans are now exposed, a demand for reparation should instantly be made by our Government.

GENERAL GRANT'S assault upon General Hancock in a recent published interview is, to say the least of it, in very bad taste. Moreover, some of the statements attributed to General Grant touching Hancock's course in Louisiana and Texas are flatly in conflict with other statements previously made by Grant, and also with the official correspondence which took place fourteen years ago between the two generals. Two months ago Grant, speaking of General Hancock, said, "No better or safer man could be elected to the Chief Magistracy." Now he says that the officer thus commanded "is crazy to be President," and "ambitious, vain and weak." General Grant is deliberately false to himself and to the truth in one of these deliveries. Which is it? In any event he has injured himself more than the object of his assault.

TOM HUGHES's new colony at Rugby, in East Tennessee, starts out under favorable auspices. It seems to be founded on a basis of common sense and practical business sagacity, and its successful development can scarcely be doubted. In his address last week, at the formal opening of the colony, Mr. Hughes said that aesthetic considerations will not be lost sight of in its management; the beauty of the site will be preserved, and parks and gardens reserved among the hills; buildings, fences, and all private improvements will be constructed according to the best standards of good taste; and no intoxicating liquors will be permitted to be sold. He added: "All that helps to make healthy, brave, modest and true men and women will get from us all the cordial sympathy and help we are able to give. In one word, our aim and hope are to plant on these highlands a community of gentlemen and ladies, not that artificial class which goes by those grand names both in Europe and here, the joint product of feudalism and wealth, but a society in which the humblest members, who live (as we hope most if not all of them will, to some extent) by the labor of their own hands, will be of such strain and culture that they shall be able to meet princes in the gate without embarrassment and without self-assertion, should any such strange persons ever present themselves before the gate tower of Rugby in the New World." The colony of Plateau now embraces some fifty thousand acres, and it is proposed to gradually absorb additional lands until four hundred thousand acres have been secured. This, of course, will be contingent upon the success of the present nucleus at Rugby.

THE Board of Trade returns for the month of September show that the value of the imports into the United Kingdom was \$32,500,000 in excess of those for the same month last year, and the value of the exports was \$13,125,000 in excess of those for the same month last year.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

A FATAL cattle disease has appeared in Virginia.

TOM HUGHES was entertained at a banquet by the Literary Club of Chicago on October 6th.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER has taken the stump for the Republican Presidential ticket.

THE amount of tax to be raised in New York City this year, for all purposes, is \$28,937,272.

THE election in Georgia, October 6th, resulted in the re-election of Governor Colquitt by a majority of 50,000.

TWO PERSONS were killed and twelve injured by an accident on the Fitchburg (Mass.) Railroad, at Littleton, on the 7th instant.

AN effort to break the will of the late Marshall O. Roberts, of this city, has been abandoned, and the will admitted to probate.

TWO mil's in Lowell, Mass., employing four hundred and twenty-five men, were burned on October 6th, involving a loss of \$300,000.

THE next meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held in St. Louis on the third Monday of October, 1881.

GENERAL GRANT arrived in New York on Saturday evening last for the purpose of reviewing the great Republican demonstration on Monday evening.

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR addressed an immense Democratic meeting in New York, on Friday evening last, in support of the party cause and candidates.

THE Masonic ceremonies in connection with the laying of the corner-stone of the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park took place on Saturday last. There was a fine parade of Masons and Knights Templar.

THE centennial anniversary of the battle of Kings Mountain, North Carolina, was celebrated last week on the battle-ground. There was a large attendance, and the ceremonies were full of interest to the people of the Carolinas.

MRS. LIZZIE F. RALSTON, widow and legatee of the late California millionaire, has commenced an action against Senator Sharon, one of the executors of Mr. Ralston's will, charging that he has defrauded her in the settlement of the estate.

THE total value of stamps of all kinds issued by the Post Office during the last fiscal year was \$32,087,342, an increase of nine per cent. The newspapers and periodicals forwarded weighed nearly 31,000 tons and paid \$1,226,452 postage.

THE reunion of General Grant's old regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois, was held at Decatur, last week. General Grant presided at the business meeting of the regiment. Over 3,000 old soldiers, representing nearly all the Northern States, were present.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL statement of the vote in Maine on the Constitutional Amendment, gives, on the amendment electing Governor by plurality, 57,115 in favor of, to 35,784 against; on the amendment relative to the change in the term of office, 60,917 in favor of, to 16,669 against.

THE town elections in Connecticut last week showed Republican gains. The Constitutional Amendment taking the nomination of judges from the Legislative caucus and vesting it in the Governor, was carried. The late town elections in Maryland also show gains for the Republicans.

REPRESENTATIVES of fifty-one commercial organizations throughout the country met in Boston last week to consider a proposed revision of the navigation laws and to adopt some plan for the relief and recovery of our shipping interests. The convention rejected a resolution to admit ship-building materials free of duty.

THE Vermont Legislature met in annual session on October 6th. Governor Farnham was inaugurated on the day following. His message states the assets of the State at \$235,074; liabilities, \$185,971. The amount of deposits in the savings banks of the State on July 1st was \$9,075,314.39, an increase of nearly \$1,000,000 during the past year.

THE formation of a new trunk line from New York and Philadelphia to the Southwest, with the Shenandoah Valley Railroad as its base, is authoritatively announced. Surveys have been made for an extension of the road to the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio. The new line, it is said, will reach New York by the proposed extension of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad to Harrisburg, Pa., and from Harrisburg over the old Allentown Short Line, now operated by the Reading and Jersey Central.

Foreign.

KALAKAUA, King of the Hawaiian Islands, has appointed a new Cabinet, and great satisfaction is expressed at the result.

THE funeral of M. Offenbach is said to have attracted more mourners than ever gathered in Paris, even on State occasions.

A DUBLIN paper contains a proclamation declaring Galway and Mayo in a state of disturbance requiring additional police.

THE Russian Government has called a convention of Russian cotton manufacturers to discuss a threatened crisis in that industry.

MUCH damage has been done in Great Britain by recent storms and floods. At Penzance great injury was done to shipping by a gale on October 6th.

THE Prussian Government is becoming alarmed about the Socialists, and warns the Saxon Government and Hamburg State to take measures to secure the peace.

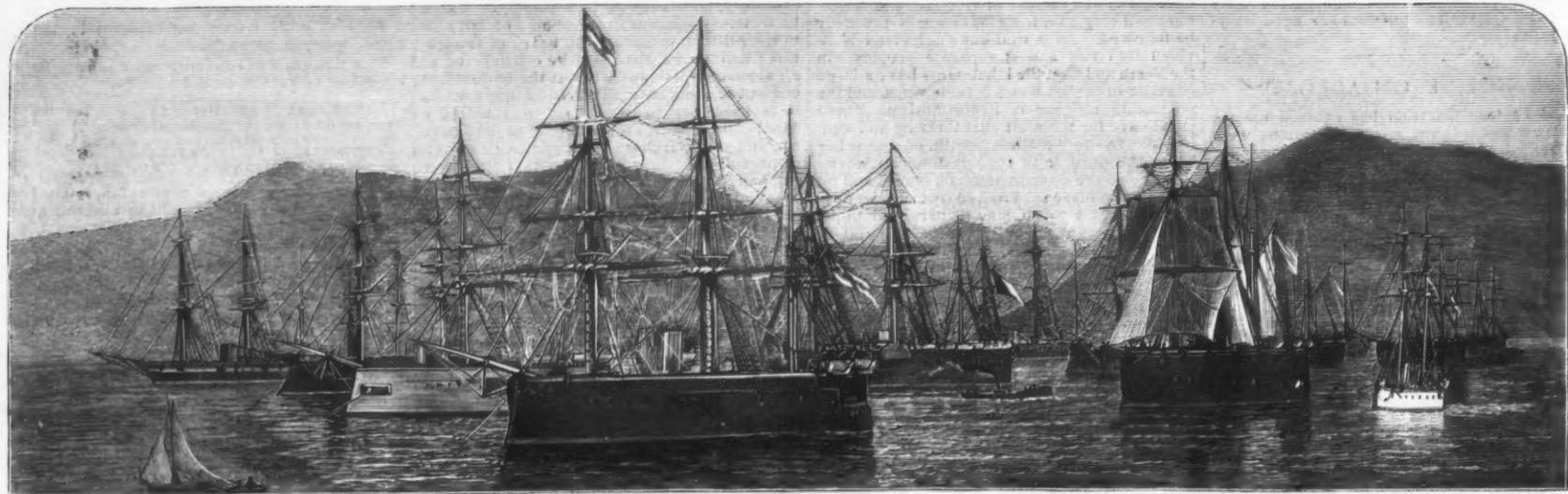
THE Mexican House of Representatives on the 25th ult., by a large majority vote, passed a resolution declaring General Gonzales President of the Republic. His term is to begin on the 1st of December next.

MR. LOWELL, the American Minister to England, delivered, on Thursday night last, the opening address of the present session of the Workingmen's College, London. He was very cordially received. His subject was "Books and Reading."

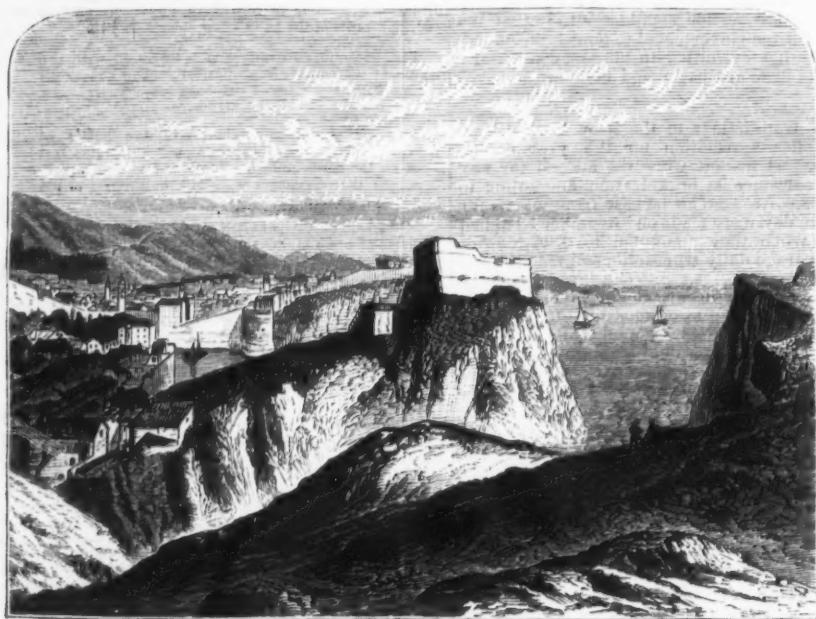
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THE French Minister of Public Worship is proceeding against the unrecognized Orders. Six German Franciscans at Epinal have already been expelled from France, and the English Passionists in Paris are threatened with a similar fate, though their chapel is the only place of worship where English and American Catholics can hear sermons in their own tongue.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See PAGE 123.



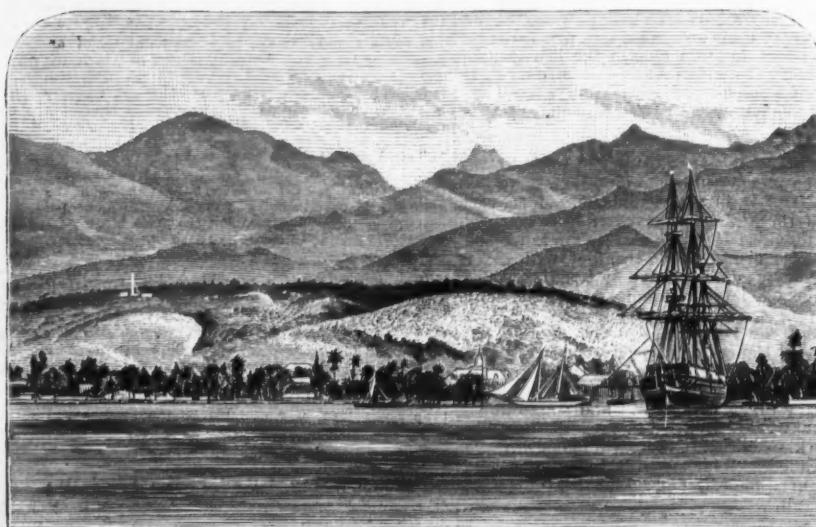
AUSTRIA.—TURKEY AND THE POWERS—THE INTERNATIONAL FLEET OFF RAGUSA, ON THE ADRIATIC.



AUSTRIA.—VIEW OF RAGUSA, ON THE ADRIATIC.



SPAIN.—PREPARING THE LAYETTE FOR THE ROYAL BABE.



SOUTH PACIFIC.—THE ROADSTEAD OF TAHI, SOCIETY ISLANDS.



SOUTH PACIFIC.—A VILLAGE OF TAHI, ANNEXED TO FRANCE.



SPAIN.—THE ROYAL BIRTH—KING ALFONSO PRESENTING THE INFANTA TO THE AMBASSADORS AND STATE OFFICIALS.

RT. REV. MICHAEL A. CORRIGAN, D.D.,
COADJUTOR TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF
NEW YORK.

THE selection of a coadjutor bishop to assist Cardinal McCloskey in the government of the diocese over which he has presided for many years engaged the attention of that high dignitary and the suffragans of the province of New York. Among the names proposed by them to the Pope, that of the Bishop of Newark was selected, and the telegraph recently announced his transfer to his new field of labor.

Although still a young man, Bishop Corrigan has made a high reputation in church circles by his piety, learning and rare administrative ability. Since his appointment as Bishop of Newark, he has been unremitting in his ecclesiastical duties. By his constant visitations and attendance in the various parishes of the State of New Jersey, he has become personally familiar with the clergy, institutions and congregations, and has always been prompt to check evils, and to further progress in good. Affable, unaffected and winning in manner, he has inspired confidence and acquired a great influence for good, which makes his flock deplore his removal.

Michael Augustine Corrigan was born in Newark on the 13th of August, 1840. His parents, Thomas and Mary English Corrigan, were natives of Leinster, Ireland. His father acquired a competence before his birth, and determined to give his children a liberal education.

After a brief stay at St. Mary's, Wilmington, Michael proceeded to Mount St. Mary's, at Emmitsburg, the nursery of Catholic priests and bishops. Here he soon took the lead in his studies, and after making a tour of Europe with his sister he resolved to enter the ecclesiastical state. He graduated from the College of Mount St. Mary's, at Emmitsburg, Md., in 1859, and with the highest honors of his class. Thence he went to Rome to complete his studies, and was one of the thirteen students with whom the American College at Rome opened. He was ordained priest on the 19th of September by Cardinal Patrizi, in the Basilica of St. John, at Rome, and before leaving that city won the degree of D.D. On his return to New Jersey he was appointed Professor in the Diocesan Seminary at Seton Hall, South Orange, and upon the nomination of Dr. McQuade, the President, to the Bishopric of Rochester, N. Y., in 1868, Dr. Corrigan was appointed President of Seton Hall College. In 1870, during the absence of Bishop Bayley at the Vatican Council, Dr. Corrigan filled the offices of Administrator and Vicar-General of the diocese of Newark, and on May 14th, 1873, after Bishop Bayley had been promoted to the See of Baltimore, Dr. Corrigan was, upon his recommendation, appointed his successor, and was consecrated Bishop of Newark by Cardinal McCloskey.

Seton Hall College has been his home, and he watched with critical eyes the training of the candidates for the priesthood in the Seminary and of the collegians in the University course. He encouraged the erection of churches wherever needed, and has dedicated no fewer than forty-two. He welcomed to his diocese several religious Orders, as coadjutors in the mission work, and has seen the Jesuits establish a fine college, and Dominicans, Franciscans and Carmelites active in the ministry. One great object was to establish a Catholic Protectory, where the wayward youth of both sexes might be under religious influence and be saved from becoming scourges of society. This work he accomplished and has maintained for several years amid countless difficulties.

Bishop Corrigan is of medium size, and slight but muscular build. His hair and eyes are dark brown, and his face is well shaped and ruddy. He ordinarily wears gold spectacles, being near-sighted to some extent; but his eyes, when seen without the glasses, are bright and piercing. Every motion is



RT. REV. MICHAEL A. CORRIGAN, D.D., NEWLY-APPOINTED COADJUTOR
TO CARDINAL M'CLOSEY.

full of energy, and he speaks quickly and directly to the point. Yet he is very courteous in his bearing. Besides Father James H. Corrigan, he has another brother, Father George Corrigan, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of Newtown, N. J. His sister became an Augustinian nun about the time that

he entered the priesthood, and died, some years ago, in Meaux, France.

No intelligence has yet arrived of the title henceforth to be borne by him. According to usage, he will be transferred to some episcopal or archiepiscopal See in *partibus infidelium*, as Bishop Hughes,

when coadjutor, was Bishop of Basileopolis, and Cardinal McCloskey, in the same position, Bishop of Axieren.

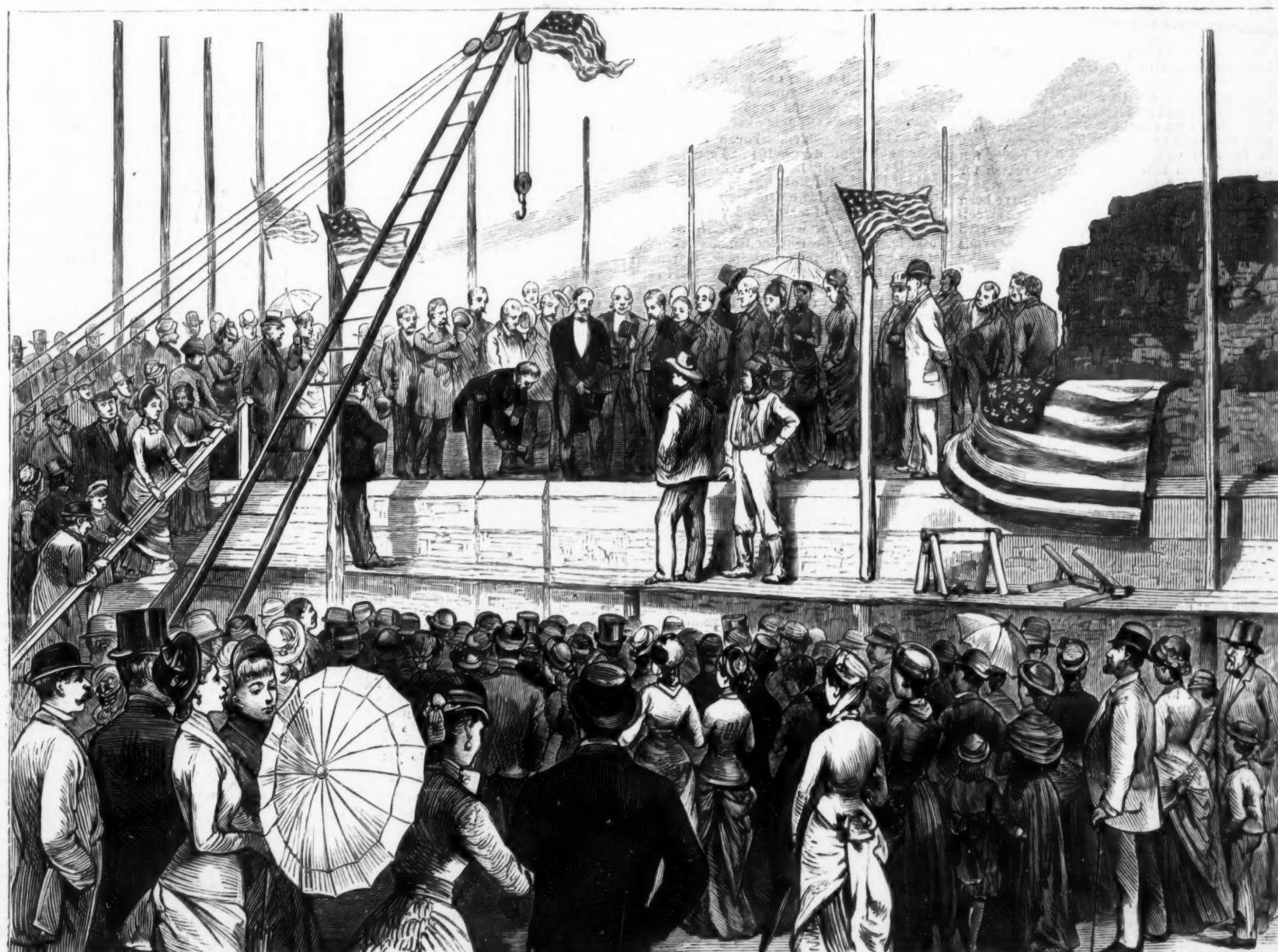
A NEW SCHOOL FOR DEAF MUTES.

THE formal ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, at Sixty-eighth Street and Lexington Avenue, which took place on October 4th, was an occasion of much interest to persons whose sympathies are enlisted for that class of unfortunate. The institute fronts on Sixty-eighth Street, corner of Lexington Avenue, 150 feet, the depth of the wings being 100, and of the centre 60 feet. The lot is 200 by 150 feet, and the building is four stories high. It will be constructed of Philadelphia brick, with gray stone trimmings, in the Queen Anne style of architecture. The walls have been erected up to the windows of the second story. In 1865 a Viennese deaf mute, named Englemann, began, in New York, teaching deaf mutes to speak and understand language by the motion of the lips. Two years later this Society was formed for the benefit of poor deaf mutes, and a school was opened at No. 134 West Twenty-seventh Street with ten pupils. The school was supported by the annual dues of members of the Society, which became incorporated in 1869, and has since received a little State aid. The school is now conducted in four dwelling-houses at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street, having 123 pupils. Over thirty applicants have been turned away for want of room. About \$125,000 has been subscribed for the new building, which will be ready for occupancy by the 1st of May next.

The exercises preliminary to laying the corner-stone were held in the chapel of the Normal College. They were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Gotthell, after which President Isaac Rosenfeld delivered a brief address of welcome. Oscar S. Strauss related the history of the undertaking. Chief-Justice Shea followed by giving a record of the institution from the date of its formation in President Rosenfeld's parlor, in February, 1867, up to the resolution to erect a new building. His remarks were mainly addressed to Mayor Cooper, who responded at some length. The Mayor said that a deaf and dumb person did not "now need the Bishop of Beverly to make the sign of the cross over him to restore his speech," and the class of men and women, which in past ages had been banished to obscurity, was, by modern teaching, restored to all the benefits conferred upon more favored members of society.

Chief-Justice Noah Davis said the occasion was the most interesting in which he had taken part since he came to this city. "Not more than half a century ago it would have been considered a miracle of God that the dumb should speak. But now, under the ministrations of kind women, one of the grandest accomplishments of human nature was being developed." The city, he said, was proud of its charitable institutions and of its educational system. The institution whose birth was now celebrated was "one of the city's crowning glories. He was glad that the idea of founding such an institution had emanated from the most distinguished of all the races of mankind," a race which, "trodden under foot in the Old World, found in the New World an opportunity to show the depths of charity dwelling in the Hebrew heart." Twenty-five years' experience had taught the speaker that it was unwise to wait until death had compelled man to relax his grasp on his possessions before he made charitable offerings, and through technicalities in the contest of wills many deserving charities had been disappointed.

At the close of the address a procession, headed by the trustees, marched to the new building, where the corner-stone was laid. A copper box, containing copies of the daily newspapers of October 3d, reports of the institutions, a gold coin of each of the denominations of the United States mintage,



NEW YORK CITY.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW INSTITUTION FOR THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES, AT SIXTY-EIGHTH STREET
AND LEXINGTON AVENUE, OCTOBER 4TH.

and lists of the subscribers to the building fund, was placed in the stone, after which a slab was placed over it, and each of the trustees struck with a wooden mallet a blow on the stone. Prayer by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Seabury closed the exercises.

THE BLACK ROBE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

BEFORE THE STORY.

SECOND SCENE: VANGE ABBEY—THE FOREWARNINGS.

VI.

AS we approached the harbor at Folkestone Romayne's agitation appeared to subside. His head drooped, his eyes half closed—he looked like a weary man quietly falling asleep.

On leaving the steamboat, I ventured to ask our charming fellow-passenger if I could be of any service, in reserving places in the London train for her mother and herself. She thanked me, and said they were going to visit some friends at Folkestone. In making this reply, she looked at Romayne. "I am afraid he is very ill!" she said, in gently lowered tones. Before I could answer, her mother turned to her with an expression of surprise, and directed her attention to the friends whom she had mentioned, waiting to greet her. Her last look as they took her away rested tenderly and sorrowfully on Romayne. He never returned—it he was not even aware of it. As I led him to the train he leaned more and more heavily on my arm. Seated in the carriage, he sank at once into profound sleep.

We drove to the hotel at which my friend was accustomed to reside when he was in London. His long sleep on the journey seemed, in some degree, to have relieved him. We dined together in his private room. When the servants had withdrawn, I found that the unhappy result of the duel was still preying on his mind.

"The horror of having killed that man," he said, "is more than I can bear alone. For God's sake, don't leave me!"

I had received letters at Boulogne which informed me that my wife and family had accepted an invitation to stay with some friends at the seaside. Under these circumstances, I was entirely at his service. Having quieted his anxiety on this point, I reminded him of what had passed between us on board the steamboat. He tried to change the subject. My curiosity was too strongly aroused to permit this; I persisted in helping his memory.

"We were looking into the engine-room," I said, "and you asked me what I heard there. You promised to tell me what you heard, as soon as we got on shore—"

He stopped me before I could say more.

"I begin to think it was a delusion," he answered. "You ought not to interpret too literally what a person in my dreadful situation may say. The stain of another man's blood is on me—"

I interrupted him in my turn. "I refuse to hear you speak of yourself in that way," I said. "You are no more responsible for the Frenchman's death than if you had been driving, and had accidentally run over him in the street. I am not the right companion for a man who talks as you do. The proper person to be with you is a doctor." I really felt irritated with him—and I saw no reason for concealing it.

Another man, in his place, might have been offended with me. There was a native sweetness in Romayne's disposition, which asserted itself even in his worst moments of nervous irritability. He took my hand.

"Don't be hard on me," he pleaded. "I will try to think of it as you do. Make some little concession, on your side. I want to see how I get through the night. We will return to what I said to you on board the steamboat to-morrow morning. Is it agreed?"

It was agreed, of course. There was a door of communication between our bedrooms. At his suggestion it was left open.

"If I find I can't sleep," he explained, "I want to feel assured that you can hear me if I call to you."

Three times in the night I woke, and, seeing the light burning in his room, looked in at him. He always carried some of his books with him when he traveled. On each occasion when I entered the room he was reading quietly.

"I suppose I forestalled my night's sleep on the railway," he said. "It doesn't matter; I am content. Something that I was afraid of has not happened. I am used to wakeful nights. Go back to bed, and don't be uneasy about me."

The next morning the deferred explanation was put off again.

"Do you mind waiting a little longer?" he asked.

"Not if you particularly wish it."

"Will you do me another favor? You know that I don't like London. The noise in the streets is distracting. Besides, I may tell you I have a sort of distrust of noise since—"

He stopped with an appearance of confusion.

"Since I found you looking into the engine-room?" I asked.

"Yes. I don't feel inclined to trust the chances of another night in London. I want to try the effect of perfect quiet. Do you mind going back with me to Vange? Dull as the place is, you can amuse yourself. There is good shooting, as you know."

In an hour more we had left London.

VII.

VANGE ABBEY is, as I suppose, the most solitary country house in England. If Romayne wanted quiet, it was exactly the place for him.

On the rising ground of one of the wildest moors in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the

ruins of the old monastery are visible from all points of the compass. There are traditions of thriving villages clustering about the Abbey, in the days of the monks, and of hostleries devoted to the reception of pilgrims from every part of the Christian world. Not a vestige of these buildings is left. They were deserted by the pious inhabitants, it is said, at the time when Henry the Eighth suppressed the monasteries, and gave the Abbey and the broad lands of Vange to his faithful friend and courtier, Sir Miles Romayne. In the next generation, the son and heir of Sir Miles built the dwelling-house, helping himself liberally from the solid stone walls of the monastery. With some unimportant alterations and repairs, the house stands, defying time and weather, to the present day.

At the last station on the railway, the horses were waiting for us. It was a lovely moonlight night, and we shortened the distance considerably by taking the bridle-path over the moor. Between nine and ten o'clock we reached the Abbey.

Years had passed since I had last been Romayne's guest. Nothing out of the house or in the house seemed to have undergone any change in the interval. Neither the good North-country butler, nor his buxom Scotch wife, skilled in cookery, looked any older; they received me as if I had left them a day or two since, and had come back again to live in Yorkshire. My well-remembered bedroom was waiting for me, and the matchless old Madeira welcomed us when my host and I met in the inner-hall, which was the ordinary dining-room of the Abbey.

As we faced each other at the well-spread table, I began to hope that the familiar influences of his country home were beginning already to breathe the blessed quiet over the disturbed mind of Romayne. In the presence of his faithful old servants he seemed to be capable of controlling the morbid remorse that oppressed him. He spoke to them composedly and kindly; he was affectionately glad to see his old friend once more in the old house.

When we were near the end of our meal something happened that startled me. I had just handed the wine to Romayne, and he had filled his glass, when he suddenly turned pale and lifted his head like a man whose attention is unexpectedly roused. No person but ourselves was in the room; I was not speaking to him at the time. He looked round suspiciously at the door behind him leading into the library, and rang the old fashioned handbell which stood by him on the table. The servant was directed to close the door.

"Are you cold?" I asked.

"No." He reconsidered that brief answer, and contradicted himself. "Yes—the library fire has burnt low, I suppose."

In my position at the table, I had seen the fire; the grate was heaped with blazing coals and wood. I said nothing. The pale change in his face and his contradictory reply roused doubts in me which I had hoped never to feel again.

He pushed away his glass of wine, and still kept his eyes fixed on the closed door. His attitude and expression were plainly suggestive of the act of listening. Listening to what?

After an interval, he abruptly addressed me. "Do you call it a quiet night?" he said.

"As quiet as quiet can be," I replied. "The wind has dropped, and even the fire doesn't crackle. Perfect stillness—indoors and out."

"Out?" he repeated. For a moment he looked at me intently, as if I had started some new idea in his mind. I asked as lightly as I could if I had said anything to surprise him. Instead of answering me, he started out of his chair with a cry of terror, and left the room.

I scarcely knew what to do. It was impossible, unless he returned immediately, to let this extraordinary proceeding pass without notice. After waiting for a few minutes, I rang the bell.

The old butler came in. He looked in blank amazement at the empty chair. "Where's the master?" he asked.

I could only answer that he had left the table suddenly, without a word of explanation. "He may perhaps be ill," I added. "As his old servant, you can do no harm if you go and look for him. Say that I am waiting here, if he wants me."

The minutes passed slowly and more slowly. I was left alone for so long a time that I began to feel seriously uneasy. My hand was on the bell again, when there was a knock at the door. I had expected to see the butler. It was the groom who entered the room.

"Garthwaite can't come down to you, sir," said the man. "He asks if you will please go up to the master on the Belvidere."

The house—extending round three sides of a square—was only two stories high. The flat roof, accessible through a species of hatchway, and still surrounded by its sturdy stone parapet, was called "The Belvidere," in reference as usual to the fine view which it commanded. Fearing I knew not what, I mounted the ladder which led to the roof. Romayne received me with a harsh outburst of laughter—that saddest false laughter which is true trouble in mind.

"Here's something to amuse you!" he cried. "I believe old Garthwaite thinks I am drunk—he won't leave me up here by myself."

Letting this strange assertion remain unanswered, the butler withdrew. As he passed me on his way to the ladder, he whispered, "Be careful of the master! I tell you, sir, he has a bee in his bonnet this night!" Although not of the North country myself, I knew the meaning of the phrase. Garthwaite suspected that the master was nothing less than mad!

Romayne took my arm when we were alone—we walked slowly from end to end of the Belvidere. The moon was, by this time, low in the heavens; but her mild mysterious light still streamed over the roof of the house and the high heathy ground round it. I looked attentively at Romayne. He was deadly pale;

his hand shook as it rested on my arm—and that was all. Neither in lock nor manner did he betray the faintest sign of mental derangement. He had perhaps needlessly alarmed the faithful old servant by something that he had said or done. I determined to clear up that doubt immediately.

"You left the table very suddenly," I said.

"Did you feel ill?"

"Not ill," he replied. "I was frightened. Look at me—I'm frightened still."

"What do you mean?"

Instead of answering he repeated the strange question which he had put to me down-stairs.

"Do you call it a quiet night?"

Considering the time of year and the exposed situation of the house, the night was almost preternaturally quiet. Throughout the vast open country all around us not even a breath of air could be heard. The night-birds were away, or were silent at the time. But one sound was audible when we stood still and listened—the cool, quiet bubble of a little stream, lost to view in the valley-ground to the south.

"I have told you already," I said. "So still a night I never remember on this Yorkshire moor."

He laid one hand heavily on my shoulder.

"What did the poor boy say of me, whose brother I killed?" he asked. "What words did we hear through the dripping darkness of the mist?"

"I won't encourage you to think of them. I refuse to repeat the words."

He pointed over the northward parapet.

"It doesn't matter whether you accept or refuse," he said. "I hear the boy at this moment—there!"

He repeated the horrid words, marking the pauses in the utterance of them with his finger, as if they were sounds that he heard.

"Assassin! assassin! where are you?"

"Good God!" I cried, "you don't mean that you really hear the voice?"

"Do you hear what I say? I hear the boy as plainly as you hear me. The voice screams at me through the clear moonlight as it screamed at me through the sea-fog. Again and again. It's all round the house. That way now, where the light just touches on the tops of the heather. Tell the servants to have the horses ready the first thing in the morning. We leave Vange Abbey to-morrow."

These were wild words. If he had spoken them wildly, I might have shared the butler's conclusion that his mind was deranged. There was no undue vehemence in his voice or his manner. He spoke with a melancholy resignation—he seemed like a prisoner submitting to a sentence that he had deserved. Remembering the cases of men suffering from nervous disease who had been haunted by apparitions, I asked if he saw any imaginary figure under the form of a boy.

"I see nothing," he said; "I only hear. Look yourself. It is in the last degree improbable; but let us make sure that nobody has followed me from Boulogne, and is playing me a trick."

We made the circuit of the Belvidere. On its eastward side, the house wall was built against one of the towers of the old Abbey. On the westward side, the ground sloped steeply down to a deep pool or tarn. Northward and southward, there was nothing to be seen but the open moor. Look where I might, with the moonlight to make the view plain to me, the solitude was as void of any living creature as it we had been surrounded by the awful dead world of the moon.

"Was it the boy's voice that you heard on the voyage across the Channel?" I asked.

"Yes; I heard it for the first time—down in the engine-room; rising and falling, rising and falling, like the sound of the engines themselves."

"And when did you hear it again?"

"I feared to hear it in London. It left me, I should have told you, when we stepped ashore out of the steamboat. I was afraid that the noise of the traffic in the streets might bring it back to me. As you know, I passed a quiet night. I had the hope that my imagination had deceived me—that I was the victim of a delusion, as people say. It is no delusion. In the perfect tranquillity of this place, the voice has come back to me. While we were at table I heard it again—behind me, in the library. I heard it still when the door was shut. I ran up here to try if it would follow me into the open air. It has followed me. We may as well go down again into the hall. I know now that there is no escaping from it. My dear old home has become horrible to me. Do you mind returning to London to-morrow?"

What I felt and feared in this miserable state of things matters little. The one chance that I could see for Romayne was to obtain the best medical advice. I sincerely encouraged his idea of going back to London the next day.

We had sat together by the hall fire for about ten minutes, when he took out his handkerchief and wiped away the perspiration from his forehead, drawing a deep breath of relief. "It has gone!" he said, faintly.

"When did you hear the boy's voice?" I asked. "do you hear it continually?"

"No, intervals; sometimes longer, sometimes shorter."

"And, thus far, it comes to you suddenly, and leaves you suddenly?"

"Yes."

"Do my questions annoy you?"

"I make no complaint," he said, sadly. "You can see for yourself—I patiently suffer the punishment that I have deserved."

I contradicted him at once. "It is nothing of the sort! It's a nervous malady which medical science can control and cure. Wait till we get to London."

This expression of opinion produced no effect on him.

"I have taken the life of a fellow-creature," he said. "I have closed the career of a young man who, but for me, might have lived long

and happily and honorably. Say what you may, I am of the race of Cain. He had the mark set on his brow. I have my ordeal. Delude yourself, if you like, with false hopes. I can endure—and hope for nothing. Good-night."

VIII.

EARLY the next morning the good old butler came to me, in great perturbation, for a word of advice.

"Do come, sir, and look at the master! I can't find in my heart to wake him."

It was time to wake him, if we were to go to London that day. I went into the bedroom. Although I was no doctor, the restorative importance of that profound and quiet sleep impressed itself on me so strongly, that I took the responsibility of leaving him undisturbed. The event proved that I had acted wisely. He slept until noon. There was no return of "the torment of the voice," as he called it, poor fellow. We passed a quiet day, excepting one little interruption, which I am warned not to pass over without a word of record in this narrative.

We had returned from a ride. Romayne had gone into the library to read; and I was just leaving the stables, after a look at some recent improvements, when a pony-chaise with a gentleman in it drove up to the door. He asked politely if he might be allowed to see the house. There were some fine pictures at Vange, as well as many interesting relics of antiquity; and the rooms were shown, in Romayne's absence, to the very few travelers who were adventurous enough to cross the heathy desert that surrounded the Abbey. On this occasion the stranger was informed that Mr. Romayne was at home. He at once apologized—with an appearance of disappointment, however, which induced me to step forward and speak to him.

"Mr. Romayne is not very well," I said, "and I cannot venture to ask you into the house. But you will be welcome, I am sure, to walk round the grounds and to look at the ruins of the Abbey."

He thanked me and accepted the invitation. I find no great difficulty in describing him generally. He was elderly, fat and cheerful; buttoned up in a long black frock-coat, and presenting that closely shaven face and that invertebrate expression of watchful humility about the eyes, which we all associate with the reverend personality of a priest.

To my surprise, he seemed, in some degree at least, to know his way about the place. He made straight for the dreary little lake which I have already mentioned, and stood looking at it with an interest which was so incomprehensible to me, that I own I watched him.

He ascended the slope of the moorland and entered the gate which led to the grounds. All that the gardeners had done to make the place attractive failed to claim his attention. He walked past lawns, shrubs, and flower-beds, and only stopped at an old stone fountain, which tradition declared to have been one of the ornaments of the garden in the time of the monks. Having carefully examined this relic of antiquity, he took a sheet of paper from his pocket, and consulted it attentively. It might have been a plan of the house and grounds, or it might not—I can only report that he took the path which led him, by the shortest way, to the ruined Abbey church.

ing by de Bright Light." The melodious strains, as, on a clear autumnal morning, they float across the tranquil waters of the bay, possess a quaint fascination, all the more subtle for the picturesque surroundings—for Annapolis, as viewed from the Chesapeake, is a perfect gem in the glittering waters of the bay. Each small boat is manned by an adult and a boy, called a "culler," who is employed to take oysters from the tongs, to select the fish from the debris, and to dress the shells by means of a small hammer. A good culler will dress 25 bushels a day, or 3,750 oysters. As many as 100 boats may be seen working on Tally's Point Reef, each taking 30 bushels, or 450,000 oysters a day. There are 4,000 licensed oyster-boats in the waters of the Chesapeake. "Shucking," or oyster-opening, is a regular profession at Annapolis. One firm employs over 800 shuckers, who shuck over 100,000 bushels a week. A smart shucker will shuck from 20 to 24 pots of six pints each, a bushel to a pot, for which he is paid at the rate of 20 cents a pot. Girls are largely employed at shucking and canning, and the opening of the oyster season at Annapolis makes things as lively as when the Fairy Prince kissed the sleeping Beauty in the wood.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRIENNIAL CONVENTION.

THE Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church convened in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street, in this city, on October 6th. The convention is divided into the House of Bishops, which is composed of the sixty bishops of the Church in the United States, and the House of Deputies, which embraces eight delegates—four clergymen and four laymen—from each diocese of the Church—about 300 in all. Bishop Smith of Kentucky presided over the House of Bishops, he being the senior bishop of the Church. The Rev. H. C. Potter, D. D., of this diocese, acted as Secretary, and the Rev. W. Tablock, D. D., of Connecticut, as Assistant Secretary. The proceedings of the House of Bishops were conducted with closed doors, in the chapel of the church. The House of Deputies met in the body of the church, and their proceedings were public.

The House of Deputies holds about the same relation to the House of Bishops that the House of Representatives does to the Senate in Congress. The proceedings of the Convention are conducted under parliamentary rules, and a measure originating in either House must be passed in the other before it becomes effective in the government of the Church. A majority of votes is sufficient to carry a resolution in either branch of the Convention.

The devotional exercises preliminary to the opening of the Convention were held in St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Rutherford Place, on the morning of the 6th. There was a great throng of visitors. In the chancel of the church seats were provided for the bishops and the officiating clergy. The communion-table, spread with a snow-white cloth, stood in the centre of the sanctuary, and behind it was a high-backed chair for the presiding bishop, flanked by two other chairs with backs not so high. On the table rested the alms-basin, of solid gold, presented to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States by the Convocation of Canterbury, England, and the solid silver communion-service presented by Trinity Church in 1812, and used by each General Convention which has assembled since that date. The full choir of Trinity Church occupied the organ-gallery, and furnished the music of the morning services. At 11:10 the grand procession of the bishops and clergy left the chapel, the clergy leading, and the venerable Bishop Smith of Kentucky, leaning on the arm of Bishop Cottrell of Edinburgh, bringing up the rear. The clergy and the bishops were habited in their ecclesiastical vestments, and as they marched through the churchyard, on their way from the chapel to the church, presented a very dignified and solemn spectacle. When the head of the procession entered the church, the Trinity choir began the processional hymn, "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ the Lord," and the great congregation arose and stood until bishops and clergy were seated. As Dr. Tyng and Dr. Williams, who led the march, reached the steps of the altar they stopped. Those who followed ranged themselves in a double column down the centre aisle, and the bishops passed through preceded by Bishop Smith, and took their seats in the sanctuary. Bishop Smith had to be supported to the high-backed chair set apart for him. This is the sixth General Convention over which he has been called to preside, and he is very weak from age. On his right sat Bishop Cottrell of Edinburgh, and on his left Bishop Lee of Delaware. The other bishops, forty-seven in number, had seats within the railing of the church, while the officiating clergymen sat without the railing, inside the lectern and pulpit. The services in which the Rev. Dr. W. M. Williams, Rev. Dr. Tyng, Bishop Lee of Delaware, Bishop Herzog of Germany, Bishop Kip of California, Bishop Williams of Connecticut, and others, participated, were eminently impressive.

The House of Deputies organized with Rev. Dr. E. Beardsley, of Connecticut, as President, and Rev. Charles L. Hutchings, of Massachusetts, as Secretary. On Friday the two Houses met in joint convention as a Board of Missions. During the session several questions of church polity and church unity generally have been discussed, and the results of the Convention will no doubt be in every way important.

MONTICELLO,

ONCE THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

NEAR Shadwell, the place of Thomas Jefferson's birth and the home of his boyhood, "was an isolated mountain five hundred and eighty feet high, which he afterwards named 'Monticello,' or the Little Mount, covered to the summit with primeval forest." Far up towards the apex of this little mountain Thomas Jefferson and his bosom-friend, Dabney Carr (who, like Jefferson, was at that time a law student), constructed a rustic seat under an old mountain oak. To this place they were in the habit of repairing with their law-books to spend pleasant hours in study and conversation. These students became strongly attached to the spot, and made the compact that whichever died first should be buried here by the other. Carr, after taking an honorable part in the opening scenes of the war for Independence, died, and Jefferson buried him where the two had spent hours together in pleasant and retired intercourse. Here Jefferson was afterwards consigned to his mother earth, and that spot was from that time used as the burial-place of the Jefferson family. The attachment of the future statesman for this isolated eminence grew stronger and stronger, and he selected it as the site whereon to build a mansion which he intended should be the most elegant and refined home in "Old Virginia."

From the summit of this mountain grand panoramic view of hill and dale, mountain and plain, is under the eye. There is within the range of vision a large expanse of land whose fertility is unexcelled; and a pretty stream, called the Kwanna River, can be seen for miles as it winds around the base of the Monticello and through green meadows and well-tilled fields. To the east the country, from the base of the mountain, extends for miles a level plain. To the north is a chain of hills, with here and there a neat farmhouse peeping modestly from amongst its old shade trees. To the south is Willis Mountain, and in the southeast arise in rugged grandeur what one of Virginia's orators has called

"the majesty of her everlasting hills and mountains." It is, indeed, a fair spot, and it is not remarkable that Jefferson's attachment to it was so strong, or surprising that he chose it as the site of his future home.

While he was yet a student, he made the first preparations for building on the mount. He commenced by removing its apex, forming thus an elliptical plain. The work of construction went on very slowly, no needed article being purchasable at a point nearer than Williamsburg—a hundred and fifty miles distant—and very many of these articles, such as sashes, etc., had to be brought from London, England.

In 1770—he was at that time a young lawyer at the Albemarle Bar—the Jefferson family was burned out of house and home, and even the notes which the young lawyer had prepared for the purpose of arguing a case in the court at Charlottesville at the following Term were lost. Mrs. Jefferson found temporary shelter under the roof of an overseer, while her son took up his residence in his mountain home. This was the first occupancy of Monticello. For the next twenty-five years the mansion was under course of construction—or, rather, remained unfinished. Jefferson's time was greatly broken into, first by State and then by Federal politics—he being successively Governor of Virginia, Vice-President under John Adams, and twice President of the United States. He was also a representative of the American Government at foreign courts, but he never lost sight of his beloved Monticello, and finally completed it.

The following is a description of the interior of the house, written by a member of Mr. Jefferson's family, who lived there many years: "The house, externally, is of the Doric order of Grecian architecture, with its heavy cornice and massive ballustrades—it's public rooms finished in the Ionic. The front hall of entrance recedes six feet within the front wall of the building, covered by a portico the width of the recess, projecting twenty-five feet and the height of the house, with stone pillars and steps. The hall is also the height of the house. From mid-way this room passages lead up to either extremity of the building. The rooms at the extremity of these passages terminate in octagonal projections, leaving a recess of three equal sides, into which the passages enter, plazas the width of the recess projecting six feet beyond; their roofs, the height of the house and resting on brick arches, cover the recesses. The northern one connects the house with the public terrace, while the southern isashed for a green-house. To the east of these passages, on each side of the hall, are lodging-rooms. This front is one and a half stories; the west front, the rooms occupy the whole height, making the house one story, except the parlor, or central room, which is surmounted by an octagonal story, with a dome or spherical roof. This was designed for a billiard-room, but, before completion, a law was passed prohibiting public and private billiard-tables in the State. It was to have been approached by stairways connected with a gallery at the inner extremity of the hall, which itself forms the communication between the lodging-rooms on either side above. The use assigned for the rooms being prohibited, these stairways were never erected, leaving in this respect a great deficiency in the house. . . . The floor of this room (the parlor) is in squares, the squares being ten inches, of the wild cherry, very hard, susceptible of a high polish, and the color of mahogany. The border of each square, four inches wide, is of beech, light-colored, hard, and bearing high polish. The original cost was two hundred dollars. After nearly seventy years of use and abuse, a half-hour's dusting and brushing will make it compare favorable with the handsomest tessellated floors."

All around the mansion extended beautiful lawns, and around the lawns oaks, lindens, poplars, birch and many other fine old shade-trees. Standing on the western portico and looking over the western lawn, one sees at a distance of two or three miles, the old town of Charlottesville, at whose Bar Jefferson was a lawyer, and within whose limits at one time sat the Legislature of Virginia; and just beyond arises the pantheon-shaped dome of the University of Virginia, the last great work of him who

'Had written the Charter of Treason,
Defying oblivion and death.'

From the eastern portico, looking directly eastward, a view of Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean is made impossible only by the great distance.

Jefferson retired from office in 1808 and went to dwell at his mountain home, where he lived eighteen years, dying at a ripe age on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and the same day on which his political rival John Adams (exclaiming, "Thomas Jefferson still survives!") breathed his last.

The ex-President was very seriously involved at the time of his death, and Monticello was sold to pay his debts. Had it not been for the liberality of the State of Louisiana (which had been purchased from the French Government while Jefferson was President) and the State of South Carolina, his daughter, Martha Jefferson, who had intermarried with Thomas Mann Randolph, would have been very poorly provided for. Each of the above-named States gave her \$10,000, all of which she invested in the bonds of the University of Virginia.

When the property was sold in 1830 Commodore Uriah P. Levy, of the United States Navy, purchased it. The commodore was the first naval officer to abolish corporal punishment, and served with distinction in the war of 1812. He presented to the United States the colossal bronze statue of Jefferson (by David) in 1834. At his death, in 1862, the property was confiscated and sold by the Confederate Government. After the war the commodore's will was found, by which the property was bequeathed to the State of Virginia, on condition that that commonwealth would establish a school for Hebrew children at Monticello; but if Virginia failed to accept the legacy, then the property was to go to the United States, provided the United States would use it for the benefit of a Marine Hospital at Washington, D. C. The heirs of Commodore Levy contested the will in the courts of New York, and it was set aside, the property going to his direct heirs. At this juncture Virginia put in her claim for her bequest, but the court decided that the matter had been adjusted and declined to reopen the case. Under a decree of the Albemarle County Court the property was sold, when Mr. Jefferson M. Levy, a nephew of the naval officer, a son of Captain J. P. Levy, and a prominent member of the New York Bar, purchased a large proportion of it, and has since secured the remainder. He has thoroughly repaired it (spending no expense or pains), restoring it to the exact condition it was in when Mr. Jefferson died, being studious to avoid the slightest modification of the original plan. It is at present his summer residence, and no man ever had a more desirable home. It is one of the American Meccas.

On the western slope of the mountain, a few hundred yards from the mansion-house, is the grave of Jefferson and his family connections, inclosed by a modest brick wall. Vandals have been there. The shaft which marks his grave—humble enough in its best days—has been pecked to pieces by the desecrating hands of visitors desiring to place a memento of it in their cabinets of relics and curiosities, and to-day the monument over the grave of one of the greatest men of the world is a rough and shapeless stone. This disfigured obelisk once declared—but even this brief, yet glorious inscription has been defaced by tourists)—that on this spot lie buried the mortal remains of

THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.

In patriotic Americans the neglected grave of Jefferson awakens feelings of regret that it should have so long remained unthought of and uncared for by the millions who, with almost unfeeling

words, daily extol his genius, and to those especially who have spent their lives in sight of the home of this great American and have come up like loyal sons to Alma Mater, the last great work of his cunning hand, it is a humiliation "bitterer to drink than blood."

Wheat-farming on the Pacific Coast.

SPEAKING of the mammoth farmers and farming in California, a San Francisco correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* says: "Dr. Hugh J. Glenn made his first purchase of the Jacinto grant, California, in December, 1867, and commenced farming in the wonderfully productive Sacramento Valley. He has now a farm of 65,000 acres, 45,000 of which are in wheat, and has 175 miles of fence. Of this year's crop, Dr. Glenn says, although he has on hand 350,000 sacks, each holding 140 pounds, he thinks they will not hold his wheat. He has his own machine and blacksmith-shops, boring, turning and planing machines, buzz-saws, etc. He manufactures his own wagons, separators, headers, harrows, and nearly all the machinery and implements used. He has employed 50 men in seeding and 150 in harvest, 200 head of horses and mules, 55 grain-headers and other wagons, 150 sets of harness, 12 twelve-foot headers, 5 sulky hay-rakes, 12 eight-mule cultivators, 4 Gem seed-sowers, 8 Buckeye drills, 8 mowers, 1 forty-eight-inch separator, 36 feet long and 13½ feet high, with a capacity of 10 bushels per minute; 1 forty-inch separator, 36 feet long; 2 forty-feet elevators for self feeder, 1 steam barley or feed mill, and 2 twenty-horse power engines. The forty-eight-inch separator threshed on the 8th of August, 1879, 5,779 bushels of wheat in one day."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The International Fleet at Gravosa.

The European concert of which we have heard so much, has at length been rendered complete by the arrival of the French contingent, and has been giving a performance in the harbor of Gravosa for the benefit of the Sultan of Turkey, but whether he will listen to the music remains to be seen. The port of Gravosa, which we have illustrated, resembles a Norwegian fjord. Upon the arrival Her Majesty's ships *Alexandra* and *Téméraire*, with the gun-vessel *Condor*, and the dispatch-boat *Helicon*, were moored with bawlers to rocks on shore. South of them were the Russian ships *Stettland* and *Jemetchon*. Beyond, moored in the stream, was the Austrian ironclad *Custozza*, next the Italian ironclad *Palestro*, with the German corvette *Victoria*. In shore, in Omilia Creek, was the Italian ironclad *Roma*, and in the real port of Gravosa were the Austrian ships *Laudon*, *Prinz Eugen* and *Sreny*. The French squadron, which was the last to arrive, consists of the *Friedland*, *Suffren* and *Hirondelle* (dispatch boat). A dispatch from Vienna, speaking of the situation and the temporizing disposition of the Porte, says: "The British and Russian Cabinets have already given their opinion of the Turkish note, that it is altogether unfit to form the basis of further negotiations. While communicating this opinion, the British Cabinet has urged the immediate resumption of combined action on a larger scale, namely, to make a naval demonstration nearer Constantinople, without abandoning the demonstration at Duiligno." The town of Ragusa, on the Adriatic, is situated on the more open shore, a mile and a half southeast of the village of Gravosa. Like Cattaro, the port nearest to Montenegro, and the possessor of the best harbor of the Adriatic, Ragusa was taken by the French under Napoleon I., from whom it was in turn taken by England. At the Congress of Vienna in 1815 it was given to Austria. Further changes in the situation at this point will be noted in our news columns.

The French Annexation of Tahiti.

The protectorate which France has long exercised over Tahiti and the group of the Society Islands has just terminated; King Pomare V. abdicates and the islands become a French colony. This step is due mainly to the management of Mr. Chassé, who has acted as Governor. Tahiti can now enter on a career of real progress under French energy. As in other Pacific islands, the native population is fast disappearing, having fallen from 16,000 at the commencement of the century to about 6,000. Of the immigrant population, 130 only are French, while English and Americans count 407, and Chinese 406. The French expect that on the opening of the Panama Canal, Tahiti will become a great stopping place for steamers. About one-fourth of the soil is rich and productive, but a very small portion is turned to account. In proper hands it would furnish a rich supply of tropical fruits to the western shores of America.

The Spanish Heiress.

At half-past 8 o'clock in the evening of September 11th Dr. Riedel laid in the arms of the Archduchess Elizabeth the new-born Spanish Princess. The Archduchess showed it to the other members of the Royal family, and the news spread rapidly through the palace. At once the white flag was hoisted and a white lantern lighted, whilst the cannon of the artillery barracks close to the palace fired a salute of fifteen guns. The church bells rang out, and the public edifices were illuminated. An antique custom decrees that immediately after the birth of the first child of the King of Spain the sovereign shall, himself, present to the Corps Diplomatique and to an assemblage of high dignitaries, his infant heir. It was a quarter past 8, and the room set apart for the ceremony, which is not very large, presented a very imposing aspect, from the variety of costumes and the high rank of the personages; the whole, in short, was tinged with the brilliancy which the Court of Spain gives to its great ceremonies. The Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, the delegates from the Parliament and the Municipal Council of Madrid, the deputation from other provinces, contrasted with the throng, glittering with gold and Order. There were also the cardinals, the Papal Nuncio, prelates to represent the Church, and all the heads of the diplomatic body. There were a few moments of anxious curiosity, and the Duke de Sesto disappeared, called by the Marqués de Santa Cruz, to receive the tidings, which he speedily communicated to those in the ante-room. An Infanta! A shade of disappointment was visible also in that brilliant assemblage, and then all eyes were fixed upon the door through which came the King, Alfonso XII. His Majesty carried a most exquisite basket, in which lay peacefully, in the midst of lace in softly-quilted silk, the little Infanta. Behind the King came the chief officials of the palace and M. Canovas del Castillo. Alfonso XII looked very happy and carried his child with great care. The Prime Minister raised the lace veil, and the more favored ones could see the baby princess, who is reported to be fair, with blue eyes like Queen Christina. As soon as this formality was over the King gave the Infanta to the Marqués de Santa Cruz, who passed over the basket to the Duchess de Medina de las Torres. The King was surrounded by the heads of the Corps Diplomatique, and congratulated by all, whilst the Keeper of the Seals prepared the Act certifying to the presentation, and the registry of the birth of Dona Maria de las Mercedes Teresa Isabella de Borbon. The preparations of the layette for the Princess occupied much time. The mothers of the King and Queen vied with each other in procuring the most elaborate cradles and cradle linens and lace. Every article of baby raiment and adornment was of the richest character, and there was sufficient to satisfy the necessities of a hundred little ones—not Infantas of Spain.

The Spanish Heiress.

—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—GREAT poverty in the interior of Russia is reported in the St. Petersburg journals.

—THE Triennial elections throughout France have been fixed for the 7th of November.

—BAPTIST pastors in this city have designated November 1st as a day of prayer for the good of the country.

—STEAMBOATS are to invade the lagoons of the Adriatic at Venice, and the gondolas will soon be a thing of the past.

—THE amount of foreign gold that has come to this country since July 1st last is estimated by Treasury officials to be about \$35,000,000.

—ODESSA grain merchants are represented as buying wheat in both the English and American markets, owing to a deficiency in the Russian crops.

—THE Commissioners for the International Park on the Canada side have ordered a survey, which will extend a distance of three miles on the river front.

—A LARGE number of fraudulent naturalization papers have been issued in Philadelphia, and several of the persons concerned in their issue have been arrested.

—THE Italian Government is revising the decree enacted against the Jesuits in 1873, on account of the influx into Italy of large numbers of the exiled French members of the Order.

—An invitation has been received by the United States Government to send a representative to the International Sanitary Conference, which is to be held in London in August, 1881.

—THE New Orleans *Democrat's* cotton reports from various points in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Tennessee and Florida indicate a falling off in the crop compared with last year.

—THE Director of the Mint estimates that about \$28,000,000 in silver was coined during the last fiscal year, and that the production of silver will amount to about \$38,000,000, or \$2,000,000 less than the previous year.

—IN 1860 the number of lunatics in England was 38,058. Now it is 71,191, an increase of no less than 87 per cent. During the same period the population increased only about 28 per cent, a third of the rate at which lunacy advanced.

—THE New York Historical Society has directed its executive committee to make arrangements for the erection of a suitable memorial to Captain Nathan Hale upon the spot where he was executed by the British, September 22d, 1776.

—THE seventy-first annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions was held in Lowell, Mass., last week. The official reports show that the total expenditures of the year were \$627,861, and the total receipts \$613,639, leaving a deficit of \$14,322.

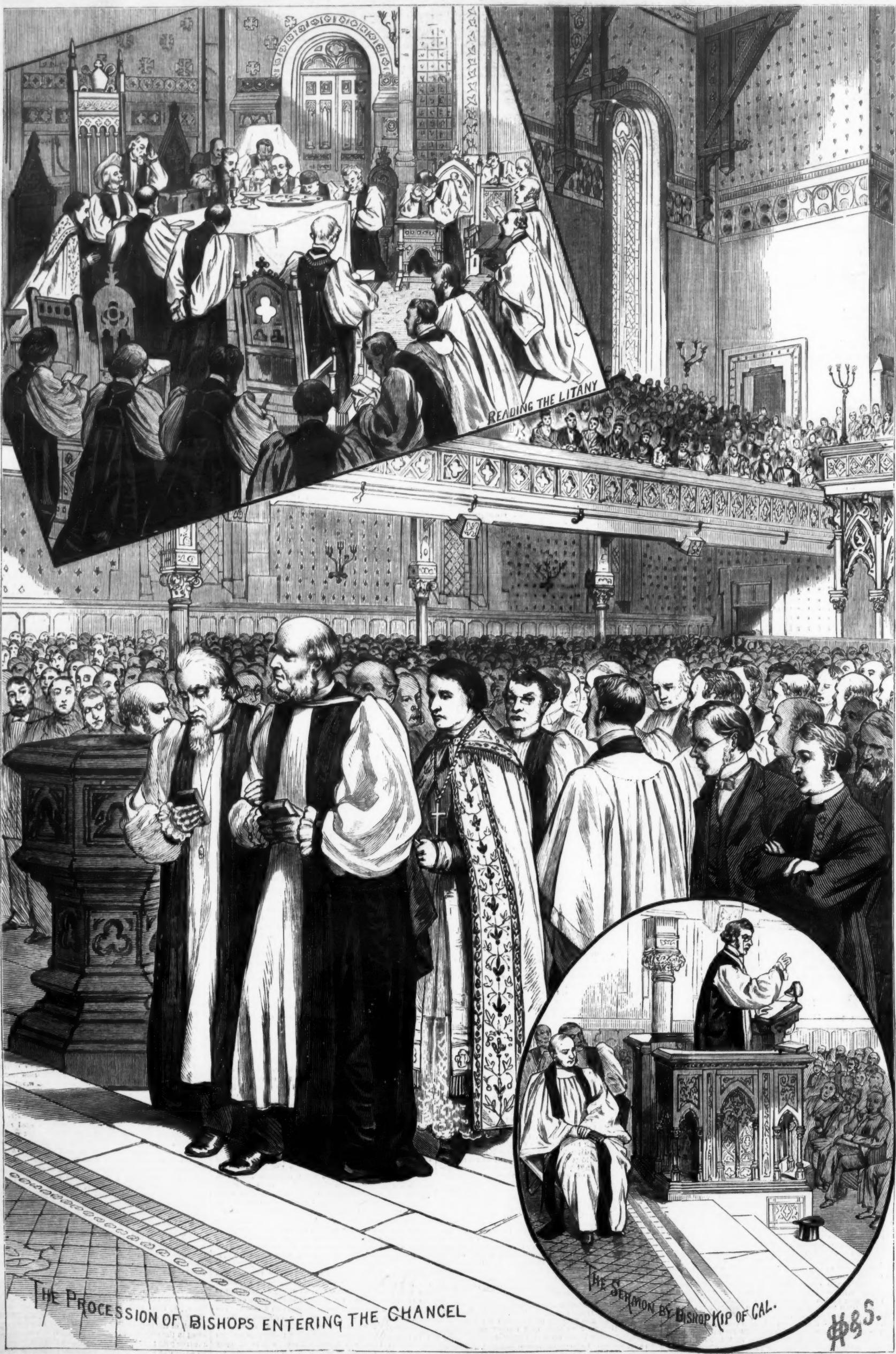
—THE Delta Kappa Epsilon college fraternity will hold its annual convention, October 20th and 21st, with the Trinity College Chapter in Hartford. At the literary exercises Bishop Robertson of Missouri will preside; Dr. E. P. Parker, of Hartford, will deliver the oration, and the Hon. George A. Marden, of Lowell, will be poet. About 200 delegates are expected to be present.

—OTTO, the son of a Nez Percés Indian chief is distinguishing himself as a sharpshooter in San Francisco. His most remarkable feat is in hitting a mark while blindfolded. A glass ball is suspended twenty feet away, and the boy is allowed to gaze at it. Then his eyes are bandaged, and he is turned around several times; but more than half the time he hits the ball, though how he manages his aim is a mystery.

—THE annual boat race between Harvard and Yale has grown to be quite a costly affair. The treasurer of the Harvard University Boat Club has just reported that the year's expenses were \$4,428.65, and that the club is in debt \$404 at that. The amount of money consumed, however, is preparing for the race, is a trifle compared with the time. Both Harvard and Yale have already begun their work for next Summer's regatta.

—THE largest casting ever made in this country was turned out at the Black Diamond Steel Works in Pittsburgh, Pa., last week. The casting was an anvil block for a 17-ton steam hammer, and its weight was 160 tons. Five furnaces were built expressly for melting the iron, and seven hours were occupied in running the metal. The hammer will be the largest in the country—the next largest of ten tons, being at Nashua, N. H. Four months will elapse before the block will be cool enough to handle.

—ADVICES from Yokohama, Japan, to the 19th of September, state that the depreciation of the paper currency has induced the Government to consider the



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING SERVICES OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRIENNIAL CONVENTION IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.
SEE PAGE 128.



MISSOURI.—ANNUAL VISIT OF THE VAILED PROPHETS TO ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 5TH—TABLEAU OF THE EGYPTIAN SUMMER.
FROM A SKETCH BY S. C. NEWHALL.—SEE PAGE 127.

TWO DESERTS.

ACROSS the silence of a land that swoons
Beneath the torture of its torrid skies,
An Arab falters, as the last hope dies,
To kneel for once before the Khabian tomba.
And as he hears afar the dread sirooms,
And, kneeling, to a callous Allah cries—
Dreamily fair before his famished eyes
A palm-groved Eden of the desert blooms!

And I, too, falter in my quest to see
The light of those pale orient stars that wane
Above my Mecca as a balm that cures,
But in the desert blooms no palm for me,
And through the mist of tears I search in vain
For one oasis in that heart of yours.

EDGAR EVERETSON-SALTUS.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MANNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED).

"I DO love her," he thunders. "You have spoken the truth for once. I love her in all her shame and degradation, and would not renounce that love for a queen upon her throne. Since you will press the subject, I will tell you that she is never absent from my mind for one day or hour or minute. The consciousness of her presence is ever with me. I believed her guilty but she had good cause to murder Lagos. She was the helpless victim of a rotten and dead and gone passion. She was the offspring of lust and sin. Ah! madame, well may you shrink and cower; I know your guilty secret; I know your shame and sin!" He is pacing the floor with rapid strides. "Lagos told me his history a few weeks prior to his death. There, then! Madame, do not touch me, for God's sake! Your secret is safe. I swore to him I would not betray you. There are some people doomed to misfortune from their birth; she is one of them, and she carried it in her face! But stricken as she is with shame and dyed with blood, she is dearer to me than my soul's salvation. She is pure with a purity that no other woman ever knew.

"I have given her my whole life—I would have given her my honor, but she refused all favor from me. I would have saved her at the price of my good name. But as she scorned my aid I resolved to lead in secret the life of an exile, to bear the pangs that she suffers. Have I done it? Could any one be more isolated from his kin than I? Never for an instant has the softness of luxury touched me. I vowed that as far as possible I would subject myself to the deprivations of her lot, and I have kept my vow. Never since she has gone forth to her doom have my limbs known any couch save the planks of my chamber floor; never in my own palace have I touched anything save the brown bread and cold water of the convict diet. Do you call this madness, fanaticism? So be it! But I have sworn that my life shall be as near hers as possible, and I will keep my vow. My existence is dead, solitary, repressed. Do you tell me that, after the wreck and ruin I have seen, any phantom of a new love could enter into my heart—that there is upon this earth any woman for me save the one toiling in the agony of exile?"

Shivering, trembling, crushed with shame and misery, Gypsy crouches upon the divan, her blue eyes filled with a terrified light, her hands locked, her lovely face blanched to the hue of marble. Not only has she lost the last chance of for ever winning his love, but he has shown her that the hidden page of her life, kept far away from all earthly knowledge, is bared to his vision. She shudders, her white lips move convulsively, and low moans occasionally break from her. Where he paces to and fro in the dusky shadows of the long apartment her hunted eyes follow his magnificent form. Oh, this fierce, pagan, mighty love from which she is for ever shut! How she yearns for it in this moment of shame and weakness. What is Chetewood's love? Its very patience condemns it in her sight—this wild, fierce, savage passion fills the measure of her desires, and shows her sensual nature how blest she would be in it. Yet it will never be hers—never—never!

Where she crouches in her misery great dry sobs break chokingly in her throat and rouse him. He stops before her. His face is very white and drawn; in his eyes is still a lurid glow like fire.

"Perhaps," he says, "I have been betrayed into saying too much. If I have said anything unbecoming a gentleman I beg your pardon. And now, will it not be better for this unprofitable interview to terminate?"

She looks up at him with lovely, piteous eyes. It is so hard to renounce the only heart that, of all the hundreds that have been given her, she ever held as valuable.

"You never, never can forget her?" she queries, in a curious little choked voice.

"Never! Shall I wish you good-morning?" He marks those lines of great moral weakness in her flushed face, and over him sweeps that great horror that was roused at his first sight of her. Always in his soul has been that great distrust of her, which, if possible, is intensified in this moment.

"And you—you—will not betray me? My secret is safe?"

He shudders with aversion.

"Yes, your secret is safe. And if I can in any way serve you in the future as a friend, command me. For Lord Jack's sake, I will always be at your service." He bows low, and in the next moment she is alone; and, overwhelmed with envy and mortification, she flings herself headlong upon the floor, while

from her lips, that Lord Chetewood will soon rapturously kiss, breaks a stream of bitter blasphemy.

CHAPTER XLIII.—LADY JET BUYS A HORSE.

ONE morning Count Zickhoff leisurely descends the great staircase of his domicile, and, opening the door, is about to step out into the crisp, frosty air, when he pauses, his hand still on the door-knob, and stands transfixed upon the threshold. Before him is a striking and peculiar spectacle; the yard is literally filled with horses. Horses of every description—large and small, tall and short, fat and lean; horses careering around the yard, and horses standing in altogether dejected attitudes; white, red, gray, yellow—every color under the sun—meet his astonished eyes. It seems as though every equine creature in Siberia has congregated upon his premises. And upon the porch, a few steps removed from him, also stands his daughter, viewing with consternation the moving spectacle; while racing among the animals, crawling across their back, shouting, whooping, and conducting himself in an altogether reprehensible manner, is Nick.

"Great heavens!" cries the count, "have you turned my lawn into a livery-stable? What is the meaning of this?"

Lady Jet turns from her silent contemplation of the scene before her, and her eyes are filled with wonder, mirth and consternation.

"I insist upon an explanation," says her father severely. "What is the meaning of this array?"

"It means," replies Lady Jet, struggling with an hysterical desire to shriek with laughter. "that for a few days past I have publicly expressed a desire to purchase a horse; and I am not sure but that I told one or two people that if they knew of a good animal for sale to inform its owner of my need. But, good heaven!"—her horrified gaze goes back to that array of quadrupeds—"of course I had no idea that every horse in the country would be forthcoming."

"You have done a very imprudent thing," says her father, irritably—"exceedingly imprudent," as he hears the bickering and altercations of the respective owners of the collected steeds, which, in several instances, have resulted in hand-to-hand skirmishes. "If you wanted a horse why did you not acquaint me with the fact, and I would have seen that your desire was filled in a proper manner?"

"I see you so often," says Lady Jet, ironically "I have so many opportunities of communicating my desires to you."

"You might have written me, and sent the note to the office."

"If you had known it was from me you would not have taken the trouble to open it." By this time, with the wisdom of her sex, the small peeress has worked herself into a passion, firmly persuaded that she is the injured one.

"The thing is to get rid of them," observes the count, his gloomy eye traversing the warlike assembly of steeds.

"Great saints! did you ever see such a jolly mess!" shouts Nick, oppressively radiant, now joining them, addressing himself to Lady Jet. "If I was you, Jet, I wouldn't stop at one. Lord, what a lot of beauties there is! and horses, you know—they're *always* useful. If I was you I'd take that dappled gray by all means; and there's another out there—a coal black—that the man swears he wouldn't part with nohow only that she is worthy of a better position than he can give her. Oh, but she's lovely! And that bay colt over there—such legs and neck—he is a jewel. That groom there by the post is ready to take his oath on a stack of Bibles that his white mare is the best horse of the batch, and I believe him. And, there, that little sorrel filly, it would be a burning shame to miss such a bargain; she's dirt-cheap and sound as a new drum. But, for a *treasure*, take that roan beast; she takes 'em all down. She and that spotted brown."

Wrought to the verge of madness by this discourse, delivered with a swiftness incredible, the count makes a furious lunge at the boy, who scampers off, while Lady Jet stands with her finger-tips thrust far into her small ears.

"Drive 'em away!" she says, faintly, to her father.

"But how am I to do it?" gasps the perplexed count.

"Tell 'em you don't want a horse; say your daughter was crazy and not responsible for what she said. Tell 'em you'll shoot 'em if they don't go," glaring vindictively at the contentious horsemen.

"But, if you do want a horse?" suggests her father.

Thus recalled to her senses, Lady Jet takes down her fingers.

"I did want a horse—" she begins, and then pauses.

"It is somewhat remarkable that I never heard you express such a desire before," observes her father. "What sort of an animal do you want?"

It occurs to Lady Jet that she feels very small, but a desperate purpose urges her on.

"I don't care much what the color is"—and it is noticeable that she does not look her father square in the face—"and I have no particular fancy as to the size and build. But," eagerly, "I want him strong, hardy, you know! Tough, don't you call it? One that will never tire or give out. And if you could get one that wasn't very fond of his mess, you know," somewhat dubiously, "that could go a good ways on a little, it would be very nice. But, above all, I want him fleet. No slow horse will do; he must be swift as the wind, and that."

"Is that all?" says her father, calmly. "Surely you are not through! Can't you think of some other merit that will be a necessary requisite in your horse?"

"That is all," meekly.

"Why, really, you are very modest in your demands. Let me see; you want a nondescript animal—one that is entirely proof against fatigue, that lives without food and travels like the wind. It seems to me, from your description, that a phantom steed, if procurer, would be the best suited to your wants."

Lady Jet taps her foot angrily upon the porch, but maintains an unbroken silence.

"May I inquire," resumes her father, after a pause, "for what desperate expedition you are fitting out?"

Into the girl's eyes comes a quick flash of fear, still she says nothing.

"Will you answer my question?"

"It is answered before it is asked," she says, somewhat vaguely.

"Ah, may I ask in what way?"

"You know very well," she bursts out impatiently, though there is a certain nervous twitching around the mouth, "that I am not going on any long journey. I wish to heaven I were!" pulling vindictively at a stunted, solitary runner that has valiantly twined itself around the post by which she stands. "I should not know how to behave myself if I were to go ten rods away from home, and such a home! shut up for ever in this frozen spot, never seeing anything but suffering and wretchedness." She bursts into a passion of stormy tears, and her father looks on astounded and made slightly uncomfortable.

"I thought you were contented," he says, after a pause.

Two deluged eyes flame wildest wrath upon him.

"Contented," she cries, "and buried alive! You must have a very vivid imagination, my lord!"

There is a long silence; upon the count's face rests rather a serious expression.

"Well," he says, at last, "this is no time to discuss such a subject. We must get rid of this *Babel*—a confused combination of vociferous voices reaching them from the yard, intermingled with which is the snorting and neighing of the animals and the impatient stamping of their many feet. If there is such a horse out there as will suit you, I will purchase it. But, first of all, tell me what it is for?"

"Is there anything remarkable in a young lady desiring a horse?" she asks, shrilly.

Her father is compelled to acknowledge that there is not, though, at the same time, he assures himself that he had not the slightest idea of the irascible temper possessed by his daughter.

"I want a horse because I am dying of ennui," she continues, unsteadily. "I never go anywhere or see anything. If I have a horse, I can take long rides over the country, which will be better than nothing." Over her face is a crimson flush, as her father bows and turns away to execute her commission, for she knows that she has lied to him. She sees him go down among that crowd awaiting, and stand irresolute. Despite Nick's glowing eulogies, the boy's observation of horseflesh is limited the mere sight of a horse being a curiosity. It is a sorry-looking throng of animals that have made their way legally and illegally into Siberia, and now confront the confused and distracted count. He perambulates among the crowd, followed by those dealers who have made their steeds fast, surveys them from head to foot, inspects their mouths, and goes through all the forms necessary to secure a good brute, while at the same time follows din in his ears the history of the angelic nature, the sound condition, the startling swiftness of their respective animals. So far he has not seen a horse that he would allow his daughter to mount, and is about to give up in despair when a quiet voice addresses him.

"Please, my lord, will you look at my horse?"

He follows the speaker to the far end of the yard, where is stationed a really fine animal as he sees at a glance—not one particularly beautiful, but one with a slim, muscular body and good clear limbs—a horse, to use Lady Jet's remark, that looks "tough." The count regards him in surprise.

"It is something unusual," he says to the owner, "to see such a fine beast as this here."

"I know it, my lord," replies the man. "I brought him with me from Russia a few weeks ago. My brother was exiled some years ago, being allowed by the Government a grant of land, which he tills. I am visiting him, and brought the horse along. If I could get a good price for him I would sell, as I can easily replace him when I get home."

"I like the beast and will take him," says the count. "But first let me get rid of this mob."

Then, by dint of expostulation and urging and vociferating, and after many explanations that he does not want but one horse and that he positively refuses to have more, the creatures who have made their steeds fast, retire, and he is free to bargain with his companion. At last these preliminaries are settled, and Lady Jet is the owner of a horse.

She pets him and caresses him to her heart's content, then gives him over into the hands of a newly-elected groom, who, keenly alive to his importance, cautiously leads the animal away.

A few minutes later she bursts into her chamber, where sits Phedora.

"Oh, Dorie!" she cries, breathlessly.

"Well, dear?"—in the gentle, mournful voice.

"I have got it!" radiantly triumphant.

"The horse?"

"Yes. Now the first step is taken, and a very important one, too."

The woman throws down her sewing and goes to the side of her young mistress.

"Lady Jet, won't you give up this mad freak? It may result in eternal disgrace. I beg of you! I implore you, dear, to desist!"

"It is no mad freak; it is a settled purpose, and I will not give it up," replies the girl,

doggedly. "Risk there is, but it were a poor love that would hesitate at danger where the welfare of its object is concerned. I have got the horse and I intend to use it. And if you betray me I will hate you all my life!"

The poor, weak, timid woman shrinks back before the fiery eyes of her mistress, and, crossing to the window, Lady Jet stands looking moodily out at the dreary landscape.

CHAPTER XLIV.—"I WILL SUFFER RATHER THAN FALL."

IN the office sits Polleskie and his assistant-secretary. Both are busy with their pens; and in a distant corner, with her eyes fixed upon her husband, sits the miserable wife. Not a day since the Greek was admitted to the office has failed to see that silent, stony figure in its place, thus placing herself a living barrier between her husband and his criminal weakness. Owing to this, despite his fierce passion and desperate resolves, not a word of a private character has he been able to utter to his companion, and it but needed this thwarting and espionage to work his love to madness. But never for one hour has he been free from that vigilant and watchful eye. Whatever of strife and contention are indulged in in the secrecy of their own apartments, no outward change has been effected in the actions of madame, and the next morning finds her in her accustomed position.

But while the secretary is filled with his consuming passion for the one woman, and his fierce brutal rage for the other, no inkling of the truth has come to Maize, his assistant and beloved. In the dreary routine of her wretched life, crushed under the sense of injury and degradation, every natural instinct is killed in her; and it has never occurred to her that there is anything remarkable in the constant presence of that dark figure in the corner. If when her dull and weary eye has been raised from her labor and rested by accident upon it, into their shadowy depths has come no more of interest than when, by the same chance, her gaze has lit upon the man. To them both she is alike indifferent. Her mind is given over wholly to the past, and nothing in the present, with its horrible monotony, can rouse her.

But one day the usual silence of the office is disturbed by a low exclamation from Polleskie, who starts to his feet. Looking up, his assistant perceives that the stony figure in the corner has reeled back against the wall, and now lies with white drawn face and closed eyes. Madame has fainted at her post. With that blind instinct of womanhood Maize hastens to her side, followed by the secretary. The girl takes the cold, stiff hand of the unconscious woman, and then looks up at her husband.

"She has fainted," she says. "Who is it?"

It is the first question that she has asked since her exile, but something in the pinched face, with its patient, mute anguish, rouses her sympathy.

"It is my wife," replies Polleskie, and in his eyes is a fierce, vindictive gleam. "I will send for the doctor and she must be carried home."

In a few minutes the poor lady is borne out of the office to her home, and Polleskie and her unconscious rival are alone. The hour against which she has guarded so faithfully has arrived at last.

Side by side stand the secretary and his assistant at the window—the latter with her gaze fixed upon the receding form of madame as it is borne away by two stout guards, the former with his eyes, fiery and dangerous, devouring the white regal loveliness of that divine face. At last the girl turns slowly from the window and meets that passionate gaze of her companion. Before it she involuntarily shrinks back, for in his burning eyes is suddenly revealed the entire story of his love. She draws in her breath sharply, while her lips close. A silence comes over them while they stand gazing steadily into one another's eyes. At last Polleskie slowly approaches her as though drawn by some invisible power, and a crimson flame burns unsteadily in either cheek.

"I see you have divined my secret," he murmurs. "I love you!"

Not a word says his companion, and he continues, with suppressed passion:

"I know that it is no new story to you—you may even be weary of it; women like you grow tired of adulation and worship in that gay world to which you once belonged. Yet in this to which

ment has she felt every spark of pride and spirit leave her. Now she feels that she has sunk to the very slums of shame; lower she cannot go. An agony of degradation, of humiliation, of horrible self-loathing, sweeps her; her tongue cleaves to her mouth; to save her soul she could not utter a word.

"Even if you have no affection for me," continues the passionate tones, "it would be madness for you to refuse my offer. In all probability this is the last chance you will ever have of escaping from this horrible existence. I will restore you, not to your old world perhaps, as after your escape that would be impossible; but I will give back to you all the wealth and ease and luxury of your former life. I know of your petted, pampered existence, of your luxurious idleness, of your extravagant toilettes. I know that you have been reared like a queen and worshiped by royalty, and all this you shall have back. Though I cannot in reality give you the title of wife, the world shall have no knowledge of it. We will enter into a new existence in a foreign land. In our family there is a title descended from generation to generation, which has ever been held worthless, as it brought with it no wealth, and which is long since forgotten. By right of the oldest son it is mine now, and for your sake I will resurrect it. Under the name of Baron and Baroness Moscovia no shadow of our old identity could touch us. You should have back your sceptre. In the gay and highbred circles of a foreign court you should reign again in the royalty of your beauty. Do you hesitate? If you are innocent, you have been outraged and abused by the highest dignitaries of the royal law. Has society any title upon your consideration? If you outrage its laws in accepting my protection, is it more than it has done by you in casting upon you the stigma of infamy when you were innocent? If you are guilty, what matters it to you what further evil encompass you? I love you, and, without one word of questioning as to your past, will devote my whole life to you if you will permit it."

It is a dangerous sophistry—a deadly temptation to one with every muscle aching and quivering with the strain of labor, who has nothing to look forward to save the torture and trial and agony of a life spent in bondage. Yet the temptation of it never touches her. It is the shame, the horror, of her position—this new degradation—that crushes her. It has left her weak and quivering with self-abhorrence. She has not the strength, the courage, to speak.

This numb, frozen horror maddens the man. He clutches the delicate wrist with all the force of his desperate passion.

"For God's sake speak to me!" he cries, that iron composure that has marked his speech giving way.

His touch at last rouses her from her stupor. She withdraws her hand, and looks at him in that frozen, unnatural way.

"Are you through?" she says, simply.

"No!" he exclaims, fiercely. "I see that you are about to refuse me, but I warn you not to for your own sake. I love you now with all my strength, and I have shown you what that love will do—take you in its keeping, all crushed and stricken with shame and crime as you are. But if you drive me to desperation, you will see what my hate can do. It will encompass you like a cloud of fate; it will haunt you, persecute you, torture you until your life is made a hell, and in sheer weakness you will yield to me, for I swear I will never give you up! You are entirely in my power; my word with the Count is law, and he would never question my acts, so whatever of punishment and persecution I see fit to sweep upon you you have no power to avert. But I implore you to reconsider my offer. Is true love of no value? One word and your ransom is here, and instead of my hatred you have my worship and eternal gratitude. Oh, madame, can you refuse so much? Can you trample upon your salvation? Can you deliberately consign yourself to this misery of exile when all the joy of love, all the ease of luxury await you? I beseech you to think before you act!"

Still she looks at him in that dumb, vacant way, and again she says:

"Are you through?"

"You are mad!" he cries. "Rouse yourself to the importance of the moment. Listen to me while I tell you how madly I love you—you have grown into my heart in these long, miserable days while my lips were sealed; how I will give you my whole life, my entire devotion, if you will but accept them! Will nothing move you? Are you a block of stone? I swear by the living God, if you refuse me you shall repent of it in sackcloth and ashes! Between you and me there can be no friendship—it must be sweetest love or deadliest hate. Shall it be the former? Shall we not go far away to a new world where only bliss and sunshine dwell? I will take you to your own Greece—to Athens, Rome, Vienna—wherever you will. But speak the word and your shackles are burst asunder, yourself plucked from this living death." His passionate, fiery eyes devour her splendor; still that death-like immovability palls her, though now into her glorious eyes has come a bitter abased look, and her lips are hot and parched.

"Speak to me," he urges, wildly. "What shall it be—love or hate, toil or luxury?"

All the pride and strength are crushed out of the girl's haughty mouth.

"If you are through," she says, and her voice is almost humble, "I will go away."

"What!" he gasps, while his face blanches with a swift, sharp agony.

"I want to go away," she murmurs, deprecatingly.

"You—you surely will not refuse me," he mutters, and there is a delirious light in his eyes. "What shall I say to move you? Your life shall be only one long dream of bliss; you—"

She throws out her hand as if to ward off a blow, and under the rough convict garb her delicate limbs shiver as with mortal cold. She is abased—utterly and entirely abased—she, once the haughty, courted, omnipotent court beauty. In her eyes, once so grand, so proud, so filled with their haughty insouciant laughter, is a piteous gleam.

"Spare me!" she says.

In her stricken, prostrate loveliness she is dearer to him than ever before in her silent haughty strength, her majestic endurance! He sees that she is stricken with a tempest of shame and humiliation—yet in her very weakness she is for ever above and beyond him.

"Listen to me," he moans. "I cannot live without you. My whole life is yours—my whole soul."

She has crossed to the desk and closed the ledger over which she has pored for nine weary months, with the same unnatural stillness she places her pen upon the desk. There is something in her manner—a sudden, reviving strength and grandeur—that awes him, that stills for a moment the fierce cries of his yearning passion.

Then, without a word, or a look, or a sign, she takes down the coarse cloak and hood, and, turning, goes out of the office and walks back to the mines to resume her toil. And as she goes Polleskie watches her, and as she disappears a hoarse cry breaks from him, and he falls prostrate to the floor.

(To be continued.)

PEN-MAR PARK.

WE give on page 128 an illustration of Pen-Mar Park, located some seventy miles from Baltimore, in the mountainous region of Washington County, Maryland. The spot is a most beautiful and romantic one. Near it is a rocky promontory, known as High Rock, elevated about two thousand feet above the ocean, from the summit of which is obtained a view over the surrounding country for a distance of from two thousand to three thousand square miles. On a clear day from this promontory can be seen parts of four States and fourteen counties, including two thousand square miles of the fertile valleys of the Cumberland and Shenandoah. The surroundings are picturesque and varied beyond description. A year or more ago a party of energetic capitalists of Baltimore discovered the beauties of the place; Pen-Mar was secured, and a vast hotel was planned to be placed on the grand plateau among the Maryland hills. Meantime, the Western Maryland Railroad Company, a comparatively new aspirant for public favor, had begun to branch out, and a scheme for cheap excursions was developed. The company erected a large pavilion in the park, holding eight hundred to one thousand people; a large dining hall, with a seating capacity for five hundred people; placed an observatory building on the summit of High Rock, spacious and comfortable for hundreds, and in June last opened the second season of cheap excursions from Baltimore. During the month of July alone over 50,000 people from that city and along the line of the road took the trip, and from the opening of the season up to September 1st—about eighty days—an aggregate of 80,000 persons, equal to an average of \$1,000 a day, had gone from Baltimore to enjoy the rare attractions of the place. In addition to these, there has been about 30,000 others carried from various points along the line of the road, thus making in all 110,000 people who had visited Pen-Mar and High Rock. The park derives its name from the fact that it is situated on the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland.

ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE VAILED PROPHETS AT ST. LOUIS.

THE third annual visit of the mysterious Order of the Vailed Prophets to St. Louis was made on Tuesday night, October 5th. Half-past seven was the time designated for the starting of the cavalcade from the great Den of the Prophets at the corner of Twelfth and Chestnut Streets, and the start was made on time. A little before the designated time men with axes and sledges began to knock away the high fence in this side of the structure. This increased the expectancy. The throng shouted wildly as the last boards of the fence fell. But there was still a heavy wall between them and the Arcana of the Prophets. Men on the roof of the Den stood ready to cut the ropes that held the tarpaulins spread over the side of the building. At the signal the axes were applied, the wall fell, the first team of eight horses was hitched to the Aurora float, and, amid an enthusiastic yell of exultation from the multitudes, the car was dragged out of the darkness of the Den into the brightness of the street. The Grand Oracle and his attendants were ready to take their places; the mounted police were also at hand; the regular detail of four mounted Arabian attendants, in white costumes and masks, to ride ahead of each float, moved in front of the tableau, six torch-bearers and four lamp-carriers deployed themselves on either side of the picture, and in this manner the first car of the cavalcade moved to the head of the pageant. The other cars were gotten out with commendable celerity, and by 8:30 the full panoramas had passed the corner of Twelfth and Pine Streets. The floats represented Aurora, the Dawn, the Nomadic Era, Spring Land, Spring Life, the May Queen, Flora, an Egyptian Summer, the Alhambra, Summer Land, Rustic Sunshine, Autumn Land, Greek Autumn, Demeter, the Age of Chivalry, Autumn Princes, the Farmer's Joy, the Fates, the Grotto of Sigurd, War in Winter, Peace in Winter, the Arctic Regions, and the Frost King.

Our illustration shows the passage of the float on which the Egyptian Summer was typified, probably the most striking tableau in the entire pageant. The scene was laid upon the River Nile, and the picture presented was the barge of Cleopatra, with the beautiful Egyptian Queen and her Roman lover, Marc Antony, making a pleasure trip down the historic stream, attended by several attendants and much of the splendor and magnificence of Egyptian royalty. The barge had a monstrous silver fish for the hull and the upper portion, the railings and side guards were of precious wood, covered with the richest gold and silver ornaments. The prow ran out straight, a distance of about six feet, when it bent upwards, and a great water-snake of bronze completed the figurehead. The fish's tail, raised as if to lash the waves, made the stern of the barge. The single sail, of pink silk embroidered with gold and silver, swelled before the breeze; the mast that supported it was ebony, and the ropes and guys and rigging were of silver cord. The throne of gold was canopied with pink velvet and satin, with blue fringe, set with precious stones, points of gold, and a profusion of embroidery of the same description. Two triple banners, in green and gold, stood above the canopy, and the mainmast supported a furled sail of pink silk, and a semi-circular banner with streamer and gold tips. A semi-circular banner, in green and gold, was displayed at the stern of the barge. There were fourteen figures on the float. Queen Cleopatra, the charming and accomplished daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, sat upon the throne, with Marc Antony, her lover and slave, reclining in her lap. The Queen was appareled as one of her wealth and dignity should

have been. Her crown was of intersecting bands of gold, with golden wings at the sides, and rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other glowing stones, burning in every golden band. Red satin with gold embroidery comprised her robe, and a white overskirt of silk with gold flowers and green embroidery covered this. Golden slippers, latched with precious stones; golden bracelets and amulets, also studded with shining jewels and connected by chains of gold, and strings of pearls and beads of gold over a collar of gold around the neck, completed her toilet. The much-envied lover, who rested his black curly head against her breast, had a red cloak thrown back over his shoulders, displaying his breastplate of gold. A helmet of the same metal, with a red plume, was lying on the floor at his side, and greaves of gold protected his lower limbs. He wore a white shirt with blue skirt under his mail, and had sandals bound with bands of gold to his feet. As the barge swept along, drapery of the most gorgeous pattern, that fell over the side of the boat, dragged along in the water, and the whole picture was a revelation of splendor and magnificence such as modern eyes have very few opportunities of looking upon.

Each float was drawn by six horses, with white "V. P." blankets, and six torch-bearers and four gasoline lamp carriers walked along on either side of each tableau. The torches burned in red, green, blue and yellow colors, and the lamps were supplied with a dozen flames each, whose full brightness was caught by an oblong reflector and thus thrown upon the adjacent picture.

After the floats had been drawn through the designated streets, the cavalcade halted at the building of the Merchants' Exchange. Here the Prophets held a grand ball, which was kept up until nearly breakfast-time on Wednesday.

An Important Historical Discovery.

MINISTER LOWELL's recent discovery of new evidence concerning the Falay outrage of 1814, recalls attention to a subject which greatly stirred the souls of our forefathers in the war of 1812-15. It was an attack by three British ships of war upon an American privateer, then lying at anchor in the harbor of Falay, which was Portuguese territory and neutral ground. The attack was an extraordinary violation of the neutrality laws. The American vessel, fearing foul play, had moved up under the guns of the castle, when four boats, filled with armed men from the British ships, were seen approaching through the darkness. They returned no answer to the challenge of the American captain, who then fired upon them. The attack was renewed later with a much larger force, which was beaten off with a terrible loss of life. The Portuguese authorities were called upon to protect the American vessel, but only remonstrated with the British, and they could indeed have done little more against such a force. The following day the privateer was bombarded by the British until it was abandoned. The claim of our Government upon Portugal for failure to protect the vessel was decided adversely by Louis Napoleon, who acted as arbitrator. Now, nearly seventy years after the event, evidence is discovered by Mr. Lowell in the Admiralty archives in England which fully establishes the responsibility of Portugal, and if it had been known at the time would have caused a verdict in favor of our Government. Of course, the case can have now only a historical interest.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Vigorous efforts at tobacco culture are being made in Italy.

M. Lombard has gone to Abyssinia on a mission from the French Government, to study the topography of the country, as well as its civil and military organization.

After spending two years in South Africa, Lieutenant Zen, a Swedish traveler, has lately returned to Europe, bringing with him valuable collections which he has formed in Damaraland, in the departments of natural history and ethnography.

Ten thousand English miners are annually injured by accidents, and 500 of these die. In Prussia the mortality is much higher, a life being sacrificed for every 70,451 tons of coal raised, while in England the proportion is only one in every 89,419.

A new process for using up old steel has lately been patented in England. By it a new metal of extraordinary strength and ductility is alleged to be introduced, which is expected to prove of great value. Steel remade on this plan has sold readily at \$225 a ton.

Captain Casati, an Italian traveler, is going to the Bah-el-Ghazal, whence he will endeavor to reach Lake Chad through the Niam-Niam country, with the view of thoroughly investigating the interesting problem of the relations between the rivers Weile and Shari.

Traces of the last exceptionally cold winter are now visible in Paris, a large number of trees in the squares and streets having lost their foliage at an early period. Many of them are showing leaves belonging to a second formation, and which are probably doomed to a speedy death.

On September 5th the adherents of the Positive Philosophy went in procession to the Pére Lachaise to the tomb of Auguste Comte, the founder of this system. Their number was about two hundred. Three speeches were pronounced on the spot, and in the evening a banquet took place in the very rooms that Auguste Comte occupied during his lifetime and which have been preserved in their former state.

Professor Silvestri, of the Observatory, Elina, has recently made an ascent of that volcano. He finds that the edges of the central crater have undergone considerable change, and the cone last formed has diminished no less than thirty-six feet. The circumference of the crater was about 1,300 yards previously to the eruption of last year, but it has now increased to 1,800. Many other interesting alterations in the conformation of the mountain were also apparent. It was visited by the Italian Alpine Club from Catania on the 15th of September.

Mr. A. L. Slier has discovered at Malley's Nipple Ranch, near Pahreah, Kane County, Utah, remains of cliff-structures, which he describes as follows: The remains seem to have been the foundations of small huts built on ledges of red sandstone under overhanging cliffs. The walls were about six inches thick, made of thin, flat sandstone, brought up from the valley below and laid in adobe. The structures are divided into rooms about four feet square, leaving all the space between the building and the back of the cliff, usually about ten feet, entirely free. Upon digging into one of the rooms, Mr. Slier found corn and rope in a good state of preservation.

The French Scientific Expedition, headed by Professor d'Ujfalvy, the celebrated French explorer of Central Asia, has arrived at Nijni Novgorod, on its way to Turkestan, to explore Bokhara and the whole of Afghanistan north of the Hindoo Koosh. The expedition will proceed to Tashkend, where it will pass the winter, via Siberia, taking the steamer from Nijni Novgorod to Perm, the train thence to Ekaterinburg, the post-road to Turmuk, the steamer again to Semipalatinsk, and completing the distance to Tashkend by post-road. As soon as possible in the spring the expedition will set out for Samarcand, and, after exploring the antiquities in the Zerafshan district, will cross the border into Bokhara, proceeding thence, at the completion of the exploration of the Khanate, to the Pamir Wakhan, Badakshan, and other little known Afghan possessions in the Hindoo Koosh.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, celebrated his eightieth birthday October 3d.

MR. LOWELL, the American Minister, will, on the 5th of November, deliver the opening address of the session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution for 1880-81.

MR. U. S. GRANT, JR., sent to Mrs. Jessie R. Grant, as a wedding present, a conveyance of the furniture, tapestry and works of art of his elegant suite of rooms in a fashionable apartment-house near Madison Square.

PANIS journals state that during the recent Cabinet crisis Grévy and Gambetta did not once meet, and that late events have apparently cooled the cordial relations which existed between the President of the Republic and the President of the Chamber.

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH of Austria, who has been visiting in Berlin, where he witnessed some of the Autumn military manoeuvres, expressed to various German officers his unbounded admiration for the German army, at the same time giving utterance to the hope that the Austrian army would soon be placed on a par with that of Germany.

IT is now said that King Alfonso did not have his own way in calling his daughter Mercedes, after his first Queen, that the Infanta is a Maria-Isabella-Jacinta, etc. The Maria is in honor of the Senora of the Atocha, the Isabella in honor of the ex-Queen Isabella, who was the godmother, and the Jacinta after a saint, whose forearm was placed beside the young Queen just before the birth.

IN our issue of October 9th, in speaking of the observatory built at Rochester, N. Y., by H. H. Warner for Professor Lewis Swift, the name of the donor was inadvertently inserted in the scientific record of the astronomer. This *fauz pas* has doubtless occasioned much amusement for Mr. Warner's friends, who know that, with all his abilities, he has never attempted to shine as a stellar power, and we take pleasure in correcting the record.

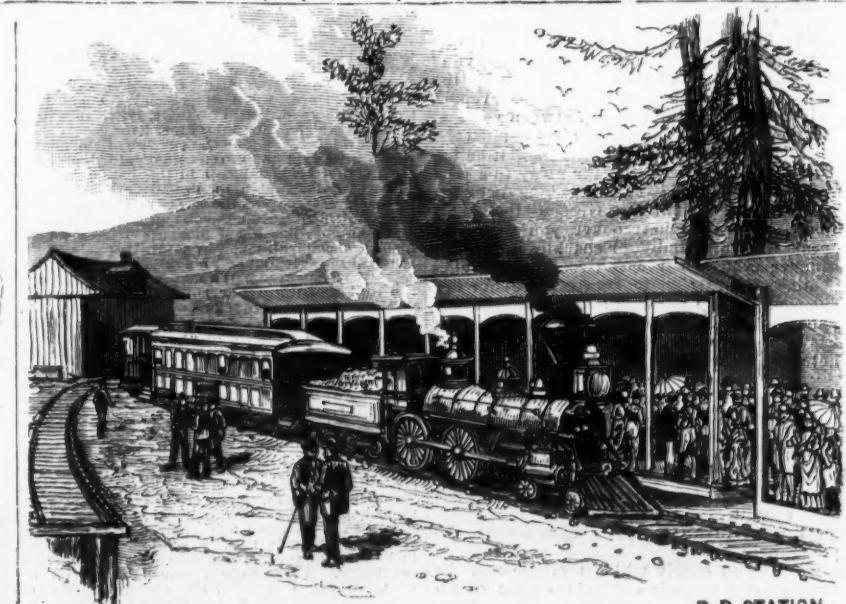
OBITUARY.—Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., a famous Presbyterian divine, died in New York, October 4th, aged 86; M. Jacques Offenbach, the musical composer, at Paris, October 5th, aged 61; Professor Benjamin Pierce F.R.S., LL.D., the eminent mathematician and astronomer, for forty-seven years a professor in Harvard College, at Boston, on October 6th, aged 72; Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, a retired lawyer and descendant of an old Knickerbocker family, at New York City, October 6th, aged 72.

THE report that Mr. Fawcett, the English Postmaster-General, contemplates a visit to this country during the recess of Parliament is corroborated by the London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*. It is Mr. Fawcett's intention to devote the recess to the question of telegraphic reform, including sixpenny telegrams in London, more efficient service on Sundays and the development of telephonic communication. In pursuance of his investigations, it is Mr. Fawcett's wish, if possible, to visit New York and to make a personal inspection of the telegraph service in this city.

THE mausoleum of the late Mark Hopkins, just completed, has cost, with two or three exceptions, more than any public or private structure in Sacramento. The tomb proper is twenty feet long, sixteen feet wide and twelve feet high. It is built of huge red granite blocks from the Sierra Nevada, some of which, it is said, weighed in the rough about thirty-six tons. They are doweled and jugged together on the plan pursued in building the Eddystone Lighthouse. Black granite is used to some extent in the ornamentation, and the style of the coping is Egyptian. The great stones forming the doors are opened by a complicated system of locks and bolts.

PRESIDENT HAYES has been cordially received in Oregon. On the way from Vancouver to Dalles, his party stopped at the Upper Cascades on the Columbia River and inspected the new canal, where a salute of thirty-seven blasts was fired. After leaving Dalles the party visited the "Narrows," where the waters of the Columbia rush in through a 200-foot channel between walls of solid rock, and attempts to cast rocks across were unsuccessfully made, the President, however, making the best throw by several feet. On the trip up the river to Umatilla, the party, under the leadership of Mrs. Hayes, formed a choir and spent two hours or more in singing. At Walla Walla, in Washington Territory, the reception was especially hearty, all the streets being decorated, and thousands of people uniting in the welcome of the guests.

SENATORS ANTHONY and Burnside, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford and Mr. James Parton were among the guests at the marriage of the only daughter of Major Ben Perley Poore to Mr. Frederick Moseley, the son of a Newburyport banker. The wedding took place in Major Poore's ancestral mansion at Indiana Hill Farm, among the hills of Essex, Mass. The house—in which the bride was born—is a hundred years old, and the property has been in the family over two hundred years. The parlor has the wide paneling and carved woodwork of the Governor's room in the old Province House of Boston, where the Colonial Governors resided. The carved white-marble mantel was taken from the Peter Stuyvesant mansion



MARYLAND.—ATTRACTI0NS OF PENN-MAR PARK AND HIGH ROCK, IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.
FROM SKETCHES BY D. EMMERT.—SEE PAGE 127.

THE BURNS STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK.

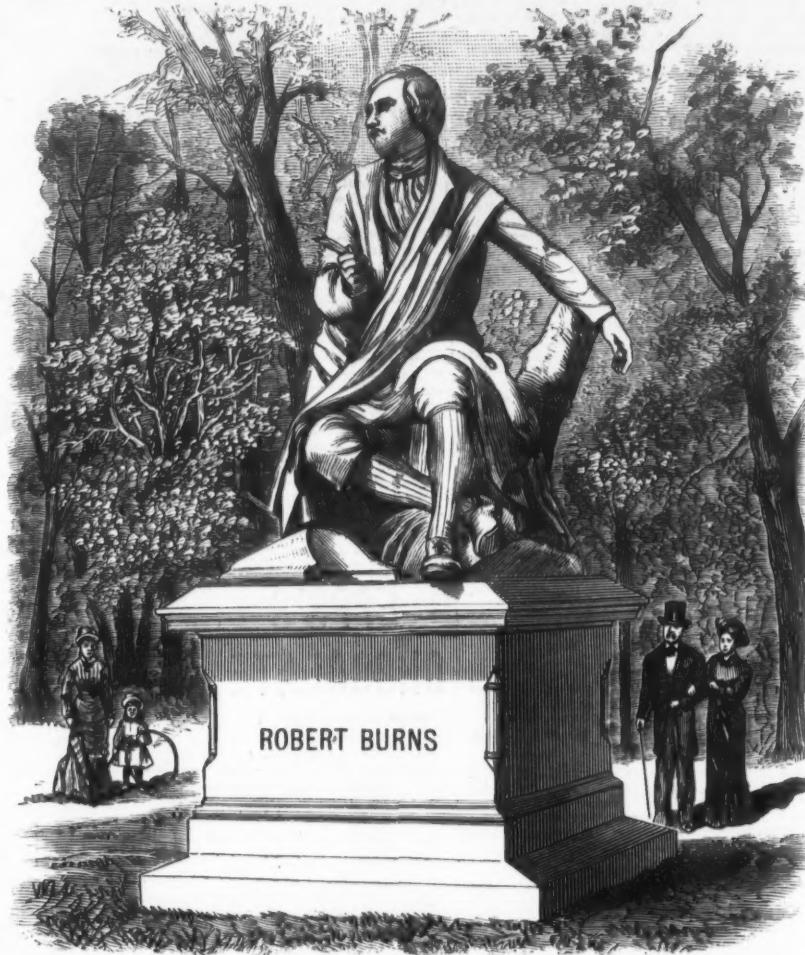
SIR JOHN STEEL'S statue of Robert Burns, which was unveiled in Central Park, in this city, October 2d, in the presence of a great crowd of spectators, fronts upon the Mall from the west, opposite the statue of Sir Walter Scott, by the same sculptor. The latter has well chosen to represent the great Scotch peasant-poet at the time of the composition of the beautiful poem, "To Mary in Heaven," and as he was said to have been found, after his wanderings about his farm, on the night preceding the third anniversary of the death of Mary Campbell, gazing at dawn upon a star. Permissible liberty has been taken with the facts of the case, and the poet is shown seated on the large stump of an elm-tree, the forking arms of which lend support to his form. His head is thrown up and back to the left, and pen in hand, he looks at the star. His right arm, in whose hand is the quill, rests in a cramped position on the right and higher branch of the stump. Around his body are wrapped the heavy folds of his plaid, out of which his left arm projects and rests listlessly upon the left branch, the well-given hand falling inert. The left leg is extended, the foot projecting an inch or so over the edge of the pedestal. The right leg is bent, and, passing under the left, lies easily, with the sole turned up on the spread of the tree-trunk, where it meets the ground. At the poet's feet, to the left, is a scroll, on which is written a part of the poem, "To Mary in Heaven":

"Thou lingering star, with leas'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn."

The first five words of the last line of the quotation are hidden by the turn of the scroll. By the latter is a plowshare, typifying the poet's daily avocation. Burns is clad in a high-collared, long-tailed coat, which buttons up to the neck, but is thrown open. The plaid passes over the left shoulder, around the back, under the right arm, and falls over each thigh nearly to the ground. About the poet's neck is a many-folded neckcloth. He wears knee-breeches of corduroy, the stockings are ribbed and the low-cut shoes hobnailed. The face is said to have been taken from Nasmyth's portrait, and the features express a complete abstraction from all near-by surroundings.

The statue is nine feet in height, and stands on a fine pedestal of Aberdeen granite, six feet three inches high. The base measures eight feet four and a half inches by nine feet eight and a half inches. At the four corners of the die are half-columns. The granite is richer in color than that from the quarries which supports the Scott statue. In the front of the die are cut and gilded the letters "Robert Burns," and at the back is the inscription, "Presented to the City of New York by admirers of Scotia's Peasant Bard, on the 121st anniversary of his birth."

The ceremonies of unveiling, in which the repre-



NEW YORK CITY.—BRONZE STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS, UNVEILED IN CENTRAL PARK, OCTOBER 2d.

and after being admitted to the Bar continued to practice there, and later in Boston, where he now lives. He was a member of the Massachusetts State Senate several times, and also of the Boston City Government. He was a member of the Forty-fifth Congress of the United States. He became a Mason in 1851, a Knight Templar in 1855, and later, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island (the two were united), then Grand Captain-General and Generalissimo of the Grand Encampment of the United States. He is Deputy for Massachusetts of the Supreme Council of Northern Jurisdiction of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

The twenty-first Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment Knights Templar of the United States was held in Chicago, beginning August 17th, and was the subject of very complete illustration in this paper. At that time the statistics of Templarism for 1877-1880 showed the following totals:

| | |
|--|-----|
| Number of Grand Commanderies constituent to the Grand Encampment (same for each year of the triennial) | 31 |
| Number of their Subordinates | 466 |
| " " | |

JUDGE GEORGE W. LINDSAY, K. OF P.

JUDGE GEORGE W. LINDSAY, who was elected Supreme Chancellor Knights of Pythias of the World at the session of the Supreme Lodge held in St. Louis, Mo., in August last, is a native of Baltimore, where he was born, May 10th, 1826. After leaving school he served an apprenticeship at printing, and continued in the business until 1857,



HON. BENJAMIN DEAN,
GRAND MASTER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARSHALL.

sentatives of several Caledonian societies and Burns clubs participated, were full of interest. The statue was presented to the City by John Paton, chairman of the Burns Monument Committee, and was accepted by Mayor Cooper in a short address. An oration was then delivered by George William Curtis. A more picturesque scene could scarcely be imagined than that visible from the platform. Directly before the speaker stood the Caledonians in all the glory of bonnets, plumes, kilts, tartans and trews. The varied colors and designs of the tartans showed the presence of descendants of many different clans. The broad red and black bars of the Rob Roy tartan, contrasted with the green, blue and yellow of the Stuart clan, while the variegated checks and colors of the MacKenzies and Campbells appeared side by side. Each tartan was pinned on the shoulder by a silver brooch, containing either the lion or thistle of Scotland, or a huge cairngorm. The sporrans, or pouches, with their long hair fringes, and the dirks, with curiously carved handles, added to the aesthetic elements of the costume, while the glimpse of hairy, muscular legs visible between the kilts and stockings spoke well for the physical development of the Scottish race. Beyond the treble line of fiercely upright plumes were seats filled principally with women, whose brilliant costumes peeped out here and there underneath the host of sunshades that looked like a grove of gigantic mushrooms. Outside the seats was gathered a great crowd, upon which the statue of Scott looked down benignantly, with head half-bowed, as if joining in the homage to his brother poet; and on the very outskirts of the vast group carriages had paused, whose occupants leaned eagerly forward to catch such words as they might of the eloquent tributes paid to Burns.

HON. BENJAMIN DEAN, K. T.

SIR BENJAMIN DEAN, of Boston, the newly-elected Most Eminent Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of the United States, is a gentleman well qualified to fill the position, and the Knights Templar may be congratulated that the mantle has fallen on one so worthy. He is a fine-looking gentleman of fifty-six, though he does not look a day over fifty. Sir Knight Dean is not a native of this country, though he has resided here and made this his home for many years. He was born at Clitheroe, England, in 1824. His father brought him to this country when a mere child. At first the family resided in Lowell, Mass. His education was completed at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. He returned to Lowell to study law,



JUDGE GEORGE W. LINDSAY,
SUPREME CHANCELLOR KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS OF THE WORLD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PERKINS.



VIRGINIA.—EASTERN PORTICO OF THOMAS JEFFERSON'S OLD HOME AT MONTICELLO.
SEE PAGE 123.



VIRGINIA.—WESTERN PORTICO OF THOMAS JEFFERSON'S OLD HOME AT MONTICELLO.

when, on account of failing health and the desire for more active employment, he went into the real estate business. In 1871 he was elected Judge of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore for the term of four years, and is now serving his third term. From early manhood he has been connected with the Masonic Fraternity, Odd Fellows, Red Men, Knights of Pythias, and other benevolent organizations, and has filled most of the important positions in each of these Orders. Judge Lindsay has also occupied honorable positions in the public and financial circles of Maryland and Baltimore. He is a man of tireless energy, and retains an active working membership in the organizations he has united with.

Upon his return to Baltimore at the close of the session of the Supreme Lodge, he was received with an ovation by the lodges and associations of the Knights of Pythias in the city.

The Order was organized February 19th, 1864, in Washington, and in seven years after its organization it numbered 78,297 members. In 1871 it adopted the endowment rank, and its membership quickly increased. It has accomplished great results in the alleviation of suffering, and in charity and benevolence.

The membership in the several Grand Jurisdictions, according to the reports submitted at the last session of the Supreme Lodge, for the year closing December 31st, 1879, aggregated 87,715.

ON DINING WELL.

THERE is a certain Rubicon in this life which, when once passed, the "immortal dine," as Sidney Smith hath it, becomes a cherished object of existence. Breakfast is a meal not utterly free from care, for the shadow of the anxieties and worries of the day lies astir the table; the apartment ever so chintzy, the napery ever so snowy, the estouages ever so bright. Luncheon is but a half-way house at best, a mere flirtation with appetite, but "the dine" is the sublime beginning of the end of the day, and if the cook be good, the menu varied with piquancy, and the wine *premier cru*—ah! There is no city in the world, with the exception of Paris, where one can get a better dinner than in New York. The restaurants are numerous, admirably appointed, and well larded—if we may coin the word. The bill of fare is usually of so exhaustive a character that to select becomes no slight embarrassment. One gets bewildered in the maze of tempting dishes ranging from terrapin soup to quail on toast, from striped bass to buffalo steak.

Some there are, who love to ponder over the meal, gloat over the trophies of the stew-pans as a miser gloats over his hoarded treasures. Others there are who prefer the "divine simplicity of the *table d'hôte*," preferring that the wily caterer to whom the inner secrets of the human appetite are wondrously revealed, shall, out of the depths of his consciousness, prepare a dinner, elaborate if you will, but perfect in its succulent details, so that the dishes shall present to the eyes of the appetite, as they pass in that order which usage has now transformed into a law, nothing more or less than a pageant of triumph.

Of course there are restaurants and there are restaurants. Take for example Martinelli's, the newest thing out, at the corner of Sixteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. Here is a palatial, mansion reminding one of those old English houses in Thurlow or Leicester Squares, London, all finished in oak, with a branching staircase giving right and left, and with panels and dadoes and frescoes. This restaurant is enframed on two sides by a garden—a glowing ribbon border. On either side of the spacious hall are dining-rooms for gentlemen, capable of seating 250 of the nobler sex in groups or knots, or in twos, or threes, or singly, as occasion may require. You ascend the handsome staircase, with its gilt candelabra and tropical trees, and on the next floor are six parlors, in which the wants of the gentler sex are provided for. Here no "lonely bachelor" finds cognac of vantage. Menkind must be chaperoned, and the *frogs* or "silken skirts" in the "open sesame" for him. Hitherto lies *pater-familias*, with his wife and daughters. Here the newly-married, still deep in the honey of the moon, are to be seen at their spooniest. Edwin anticipating the wishes of Angelina. Here, too, are lovers and spinsters, and "fair ladies of all degree," for these charmingly appointed parlors can seat 280 people—ay, and do seat them day after day, while, as they say of a successful play at the theatres, "hundreds are turned nightly from the doors." The upper portion of the house is let out in sets of apartments to families, who enjoy all the advantages of an apartment building in the best possible location, with the rare merit of being within range of an admirable *cuisine*, for the cook is a *cordon bleu*, and the cellarars are stocked with the best brands, including the celebrated "Chianti." And what does it cost to dine in this unique restaurant? One dollar and twenty-five cents wine included. Soup, fish, *entrees*, macaroni, roasts, fowl, salads, ice-cream, dessert and coffee. The dinner is admirable—the wine silky. This is the newest sensation in dining out. Ye, who dine out should profit by the occasion!

Death Rate Among the Rich and Poor.

A PAPER has recently been read at a meeting of the American Medical Association on the comparative death rate of rich and poor, the term "rich" being used to designate persons who are enabled to secure a sufficiency of nutritious food, and to reside amid fair sanitary surroundings. The statistical information is based mainly upon information relating to London and Paris, where disparity in conditions is more marked than in American cities. The death rate is much higher in the poverty-stricken districts than in localities where people are well fed and well housed. The average death rate of London in 1877 was 23 per thousand. In one of the districts covered by houses in good condition it did not exceed 11.3 in every thousand, while in parts of London where squalor abounds, the death rate has recently been reported at 50 per thousand. The contrast in the death rate between rich and poor appears to the young as well as middle-aged and old. Among 48,044 young children of the opulent classes the average death rate was only 80.45 per thousand, while for all other classes it was 150 per thousand. A distinguished French physician says that in Paris persons about the ages of forty and forty-five, if in easy circumstances, die in the proportion of 8.3 per thousand, while if poor they die at the rate of 18.7 per thousand. Some of the British colonies where wages are high and food abundant, the death rate is only 12.5 per thousand. Pure air, freedom from torturing anxiety or absolute want, and healthful employments evidently have a marked influence in promoting longevity. When the struggle for existence becomes too pressing, or the conditions under which it is maintained too burdensome, the closing scene is anticipated.

SARATOGA'S NEW RAILROAD.

The beautiful lake at Saratoga is at last about to be brought into direct communication with the "village," and the thousands who annually sojourn at this most unique of watering-places will be enabled, in the coming season, to run out to the lake in the caressing easy-chair of a drawing-room car running upon the newest and most improved thing in steel rails, and drawn by the newest and most improved thing in locomotives. There are over three hundred men at work on the line at present, and everything requisite for the equipment of a first-class railroad is in stock. The line commences at Lake Avenue, and, taking a northerly direction, cuts through the Empire Spring Park, along the valley to the Excelsior Springs, thence past the White Sulphur Springs to the Bear Swamp, striking the Lake south of Stafford's Bridge, and on

to the Briggs House. One pleasing feature in connection with the new line is, that it in no wise interferes with the avenue and delightful drive so well known to the frequenters of "Saucy Saratoga."

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE

For November is one of the strongest numbers yet issued. It opens with an elaborate article on the Greek Church in Russia and Siberia, by the Rev. Henry Lansell, of England, treating of the geography, history, doctrines, rites and ceremonies, constitution and government, missions and schisms, of the Russian Church. The article is fully illustrated. A portrait of Miss Jean Ingelow accompanies a critical review of her poetic genius. The recent murder of Dr. Justin W. Parsons, in connection with mission work in Turkey, is made the subject of an interesting article by the Rev. Daniel Edwards. A portrait of Dr. Parsons accompanies the article. The Old Testament portrait and sketch is, this month, of Jephthah; and Aretas, King of Petra, is Mr. Herbert Lutz's subject for the Gentle Rulers of Scripture. Mr. Godfrey A. Hudson has an extremely interesting paper on the Empire of the Incas, which is fully illustrated. A portrait and sketch of that old disciple of the church militant, John Knox, is given, and the Rev. Rose C. Houghton contributes another of his readable articles on Eastern Customs, the subject this time being "Marriage in China." The serials "Hester Morgan's Husband" and "Maid Marjory," are continued, and the short stories are of excellent quality. Considerable poetry of a high order is given this month. The late Rev. Dr. Adams has his portrait accompanying his obituary notice. In the Editor's Portfolio the questions of Sunday Excursions is once more alluded to. A splendid hymn for the harvest or Thanksgiving celebration concludes one of the best numbers of this popular magazine yet issued.

FUN.

MAJOR DUNNUP: "Awfully dull down here, isn't it, Miss Maria?" Miss Maria: "Do you think so? Why don't you go, then? You're a bachelor, and have only yourself to please." Major Dunnup: "Only myself to please! You don't know what a doosed difficult thing that is to do."

"IT'S NOT MADNESS, MUM, IT'S MEAT!"—Lady (to deaf butcher): "Well, Mr. Smallbones, how do you find yourself to day?" Smallbones: "Well, I'm pretty well used up, mum. Every rib's gone, they've almost torn me to pieces for my shoulders, and I never had such a run on my legs."

THE Greenbackers hammer away on the Republicans at one time, and on the Democrats at another. They remind one of the man who used to come home late, and his own door having no knocker, he got into the habit of using the knockers on the doors of his neighbors, saying: "Don't let me disturb you. My people are asleep, and I want to wake 'em up. Don't let me disturb you at all."

OLD Mr. Barnes was given to boasting of his religious standing. In prayer-meeting the other evening he said: "Yes, brothers and sisters, I feel as though I was put here to point the way to heaven." Before he could say more, Mrs. Burnwell spoke out. "Well, Brother Barnes, I hope you will stay here and point long after the rest of us are safe in heaven." Barnes scarcely knew how to take her.

IN an action that was recently tried in an English court, when the question in dispute was as to the quality and condition of a gas-pipe that had been laid down many years before, a witness stated that it was an old pipe, and therefore out of condition. The judge remarking that "people do not necessarily get out of condition by being old," the witness promptly answered: "They do, my lord, if buried in the ground."

MRS. PARTINGTON RETURNS FROM THE SEASIDE.—"Yes, I've been to a seaside resort. I have had my summer exertion, and I must confess my anticipations surpassed my expectations. To people in indignant circumstances the recommendations might be satisfactory, but it is beyond my reprehension how people of fulness—people who have lugubrious homes, surmounted by all that embezzles civilized life—can put up in such caverns. They must have invested tastes."

THE harvest moon had just bid good-bye to the Atlantic Ocean and was pushing its round, cool face above the eastern horizon. "Ah, Clementine," said he, softly, "you rising effulgence is but a faint emblem of the depth of my affection." "I know; you told me last night your heart was full, and the moon is just full to-night. Don't tell it all over again, please." "But, my dear—" "Yes, this is all very pretty, but mother says you're too young. There's just the nicest rich widow coming to visit us at our house, and please don't come again till he goes." The young man curbs his ambition and concludes to let his mustache grow. This being called "young" is one too many for him.

A CAMBRIDGE mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety has received this letter: "I got here all right, and forgot to write before; it is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water I didn't know nothing for a good long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother come from Chelsea, and she cries all the time. A horse kicked me over and I have got to have some money to pay a doctor for fixin' my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I should smile if we don't have builby fun. I lost my watch and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud turtles and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck if I can get 'em in my trunk."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.

JOHN P. WHEELER, M.D., of Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with present decided benefit, in a case of inattention of the brain from abuse of alcohol."

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